

GATEWAY

THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA



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Mike T. LaRivière

Guitarist Brian McCollum (left) and vocalist Gerald Eaton of the Toronto sextet the Philosopher Kings throw down at the Sidetrack.

SU launches \$8000 lobbying blitz on feds

by Gabriel M. Fantino

Ready or not, the federal government is going to hear from University of Alberta students.

Student council approved an executive request for funds for a lobbying campaign aimed to pressure the federal government on post-secondary education funding issues.

The external affairs board will receive funds to the tune of \$8000 to pay for a postcard campaign, a letter writing campaign, and student marches.

"This is something concrete, it's a lobbying campaign and we would

like to get it rolling as soon as possible to get education on the agenda and people asking questions about it. Now we have a specific goal," said Suzanne Scott, U of A Students' Union president.

The motion to release the money passed 23 in favour, two opposed, and 5 abstentions.

The motion was not without opposition and discussion raged for over an hour and half.

"I think protecting our education system is a vital concern. However, I don't think throwing money at the problem is a good idea. I have a problem with the fact that the exec

has not given us a concrete plan of how this money will be spent. It is like a blank cheque and that is why I cannot support this motion," said Arts councillor Mike Weisbart.

Scott defended the motion by saying the University of Saskatchewan's SU has allocated \$23,000 and will receive an additional \$11,000 from their provincial government to protest the cuts.

Although the SU urged students to come to council and voice their concerns, only one student made it out.

"The only reason there has been no student support of rallies and

protesting the tuition increases is because students, and quite reasonably so, feel they are benefiting from all the investment in the education system and now they should pay it back....The truth is that it isn't unreasonable to ask that those who spent the money that put us in debt in the first place to pay it back," said David Malmo-Levine, a second-year Arts student.

"And those people are not students. The debt did not come about because we spent lavishly on education, but because we have been giving corporations huge tax breaks over the last forty years," he noted.

Council speaker Mike Curry had trouble keeping order at some points, as tempers flared.

"I don't care how much I have to pay. All I know is that I am getting my degree and a good job. I just don't think there is anything we can do about it. I've gone to college in the United States and there you pay a lot more," said Education representative Mark Karstad.

He was blasted by vp external Kyle Kawaski. "There are all kinds of colleges and universities in the United States, and most are cheaper than Canadian ones."

Nobody can do everything, but everybody can do something.
—Gil Scott-Heron, godfather of rap

Vagrants camp out in HUB.....page 3
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Campus Connection...

A weekly compendium of events happening at campuses across Canada.

A \$20,000 boost

The Sheaf

The Saskatchewan government is giving the students of the province \$20,000 to aid in their fight against the federal government.

Premier Roy Romanow announced the grant last week to student governments to help them protest federal Human Resources minister Lloyd Axworthy's Green Paper, which deals with social reforms.

"The federal Liberal government is saying that the deficit and debt are no good, but they are okay for students," said the premier.

Student organizations across Saskatchewan will split the \$20,000.

"If we take the lead on the student lobby effort then we will get a lion's share of the money," said University of Saskatchewan Students' Union vp external Jeff Leslie.

Three hundred U of S students turned up at a cold Saturday rally to protest Axworthy's cuts.

Robbery???

SAIT Emery Weal

An on-campus credit union at the Southern Alberta Institute of Technology has been robbed for the third time in six months.

Police believe the suspect is likely the same person involved in robberies of financial institutions in Saskatoon and Brandon, Manitoba. The robberies all occurred between the hours of 11:30am and 12pm, when the suspect could easily blend in with a large lunchtime crowd.

"He seems to be sticking with the colleges and campuses," said Calgary police detective John Fulton.

The suspect was armed with a large revolver, and was captured on bank videotape.

Reporter booted

The Meliorist

A reporter from the University of Lethbridge student newspaper the Meliorist was forced out from a students' council meeting.

Campus Security were called in by Students' Union president Humberto Aspillaga after Yale Belanger refused to leave the meeting when it moved in-camera.

"They had no right to kick me out. In fact, according to constitution they had no right to allow an in-camera meeting," said Aspillaga.

The reporter said he was trying to find out more surrounding the firing of the campus radio station manager.

—compiled by
Juliet Williams

Getting to know your drugs

by Terra Tailleir

Are you aware of your drug habits? University of Alberta Pharmacy students have devoted a full week to ensure you understand what drugs are all about.

"We're trying to increase awareness of the faculty and pharmacy in general," explains Rosabel Fisher, vp internal of the Alberta Pharmacy Undergrad Society.

The U of A Pharmacy Awareness Week coincides with a national campaign spearheaded by the Canadian Pharmaceutical Association.

Rob Remmer, Pharmacy representative on students' council and an organizer of the week, says there is a movement for pharmacists to become more active.

Pharmacists bridge the gap between the doctor and the patient, adds Remmer.

Although the week has been celebrated around the faculty for quite some time, Fisher says it has only been in the last two years that APhUS has tried to promote the week across campus.

Reaction so far has been less than enthusiastic, says Remmer. "Un-

Pharmacy."

But Remmer says the week will pick up this Friday when Pharmacy students hand out free hot chocolate in the Pharmacy, Business, and Education buildings. In exchange for a cup of cocoa, Fisher says she will willingly accept any

"dead drugs." The three sites will serve as drop-off points for drugs that have passed their expiration date.

Pharmacy students will also be participating in a compound competition Friday. This involves creating drugs—an act, Remmer admits, which is more of an art than a science.

Winners of this competition will attend the Professional Development Weekend in Montréal.

Gravol Abusers—Make Me Puke!

by Rob Remmer

Yes it's true, the little pill mom used to give you to keep you from throwing up on those long family car rides is now being used by some unwise people to get high. The active ingredient of Gravol (TM), dimenhydrinate, blocks the chemical receptors in the brain that cause people to feel nauseous. It is this same blocking ability that causes symptoms of disorientation, convulsions, and hallucinations when the drug is taken in excess. Too much Gravol can also lead to respiratory depression followed by death. It is for these reasons that pharmacists in Alberta have made Gravol a no public access drug and are now keeping it behind the counter.

Used properly, dimenhydrinate can help clear up your runny nose, put you to sleep at night, and of course, keep you from throwing up on your brothers and sisters. So if you need it be sure to ask your pharmacist for it.

Shit happens. So does news.
Thursdays, room 282 SUB. 4pm.
Come talk to our counsellors.



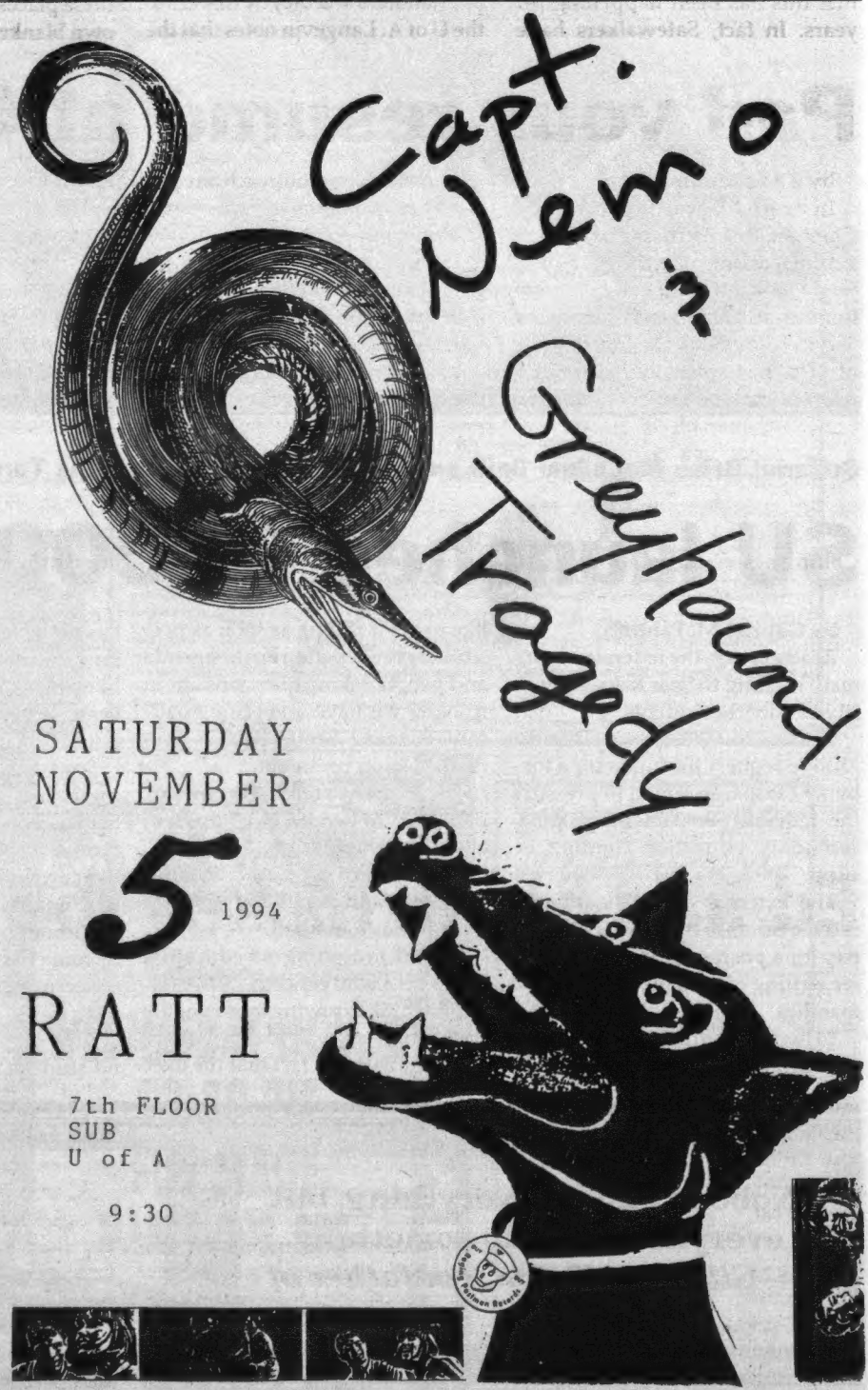
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Step into my bedroom



Mike LaRivière

Inspired by reports of vagrants in HUB, SF Hayes explores alternative housing.

by Terra Tailleux

Be careful you don't step on any sleeping bodies on your way to class. Two young males were recently found in one of the stairwells in HUB, and although this was an isolated incident, it is not unprecedented.

"It happens on occasion," explains Doug Langevin, director of Campus Security. "They're usually street people looking for a warm place for the winter."

Langevin says the last reported incident was in June, but he adds that this has been happening for years. In fact, Safewalkers have

come across transients during their rounds. Craig Sagert, Safewalk assistant director, says Safewalk has notified Campus Security about their discoveries on a couple of occasions.

Transients have been found in Humanities, Fine Arts, and the basement of Tory, says Langevin, everywhere from washrooms to a cupboard.

Although Langevin doesn't think the University LRT station is directly responsible for the incidents, he does believe it has brought panhandlers and bicycle thieves to the U of A. Langevin notes that the

two youths discovered in HUB were later found panhandling.

However, there is not much Campus Security can do other than "roust them out." "If they aren't staff or students we can ask them to leave," explains Langevin, who can't recall any incidents involving U of A students. In accordance with the Petty Trespass Act, Campus Security can fine trespassers a maximum \$100 fine.

But Langevin doesn't believe this will dissuade too many people. "They have a great way of finding these places. They even bring their own blankets."

Pad your resumé at CaPS

by Chris Riedmueller

Instead of waiting for Jean Chrétien's infrastructure money to get the economy moving again, you might look into your career opportunities at Career and Placement Services. CaPS, on the fourth floor of SUB, has spent the past week promoting its services during Canada Career Week.

"We really believe in outreach," beams CaPS director Wendy Coffin. "It's a student service, and the more they use it the better it is." Coffin says response to information booths set up during the past week throughout campus has been terrific.

This was the fourth annual Canada Career Week, a federally sponsored program to direct national attention to people's career options. Though CaPS receives no federal support for the week, it was decided that the most could be

made of their own outreach on campus by coordinating the two events.

Many opportunities are available to university students to expand and effectively market their skills through a variety of career fairs and forums held year round.

Lisa, a first year Pharmacy student, admits she has never considered a CaPS forum as a part of her job search. "Who you know is a lot of it," Coffin agrees that networking is vital to the job search and says a CaPS forum or workshop is an excellent place to start. Meeting with representatives from different organizations at forums is the first step towards getting your name and face in the circuit, explains Coffin.

While waiting for an interview, Electrical Engineering co-op student Kevin Szelewicki comments that companies take CaPS quite seriously and offer quality place-

ments through the office.

There has been a 60 per cent increase in job postings through CaPS this year. So is the job market taking a turn for the better? "They're good," Coffin says, "but that's not to say there aren't challenges." Most positions are term appointments and contracts offering the employer more flexibility. Students should not regard this as a limitation however, and ought to take advantage of the flexibility themselves, says Coffin. Students need to be aware of their skills and what they want out of a job, she adds, and be willing to be create positions, beginning as a volunteer.

"One of the things that we stress to students at this time of year is that we already have employers who have finished hiring for graduate and summer positions next April."

Ed info booth makes the grade

by Gabriel M. Fantino

The Education Info booth is going back to school.

Located in the Education North building, it has been unstaffed and idle all year after it was closed over the summer by the Students' Union. But during Tuesday's student council meeting, a motion to allocate \$2000 to cover staffing costs re-activated the Info Booth.

"We basically want a solution to this situation. Either have the booth staffed or remove it so the Education Students' Association can use the space, which is limited and very valuable for them," said Michelle

Kohut, an Education councillor and ESA president.

Students are hired to run the booths at \$6.50 an hour. The Education booth will be open from 11am to 2pm Monday through Friday.

Several options were discussed, including removing it altogether.

Narmin Hassam, SU vp internal, sponsored the motion but initially her calculations pegged the cost at \$800. However, even with the \$2000 price tag the motion passed 17 in favour, five opposed.

"This is a great service for all

students, not just the Education students. The Education building is a high-traffic location and I think last year's experience shows there is a demand," commented Hassam.

The booth will operate on a trial basis until April, although it was on a four month trial last term.

"There is a tendency for these things to have a trial period that is too short. Last term's stats are encouraging, but more information is still needed," explained Hassam.

The info booths are stocked with various publications, bus schedules, and they also sell bus passes.

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SWAP

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P1/24/11/93

U of A NDs meet the future

by Jay Brown

The fortunes of the campus New Democrats would seem to mirror those of the party at the federal and provincial levels, as only seven people showed up Wednesday to the first meeting of the university political club.

Appearances, though, can be deceiving.

"We still have three provincial governments....I think it would be a stretch to say the NDP has been wiped out," says Simon Kiss, president of the campus NDs. According to Kiss and fellow New Democrats Tim Huyer and Nico Spronk, the lone party of the left in Canadian politics is rebuilding itself for the future.

Kiss says his club hopes to send delegates to the national leader-

"The New Democrats want to have not only monetary socialism, but also community socialism, where people try and take care of each other."

—Simon Kiss, president of the campus New Democrats

ship and policy convention in Ottawa later next year. The convention will also mark a change in the way the party has approached politics in the past.

"The NDP has been seen to be very reactionary," explains Huyer, noting that he believes the party has not developed any real new ideas or solid policy since the early



Mike LaRivière

Alberta New Democrat leader Ross Harvey speaks out.

1980s. The party, he says, must be seen to stand for something, instead of being seen as just opposed to everything.

Still, one should not expect the NDP to abandon its traditional, left wing position on the Canadian political spectrum.

"The other parties aren't very different from each other," explains Spronk. The NDP must, he says, remain an "alternative" for the Canadian voter.

The three, however, are not in agreement over whether the NDP should abandon its official association with organized labour. Most trade unionists, notes Kiss, don't vote for the NDP, and therefore the association should end. Despite this, Spronk and Huyer believe the association is integral to the prin-

ciples of socialism.

When asked whether the NDP should also distance itself from special interest groups like environmentalists, Huyer responded in the negative.

"The New Democrats want to ensure that every voice is heard....I call that democracy. It's also interesting that [business organizations] aren't seen as special interest groups."

Kiss also notes that he believes it is possible for governments to provide balanced budgets and social services, by imbuing the nation with a socialist ethic.

"The New Democrats want to have not only monetary socialism, but also community socialism, where people try and take care of each other."

Multiculturalism debate rages on

by Yavar Hameed

The Edmonton Centennial Library Theatre was rocked Wednesday by the raging debate of multiculturalism. Neil Bissoondath defended his latest book, *Selling Illusions - The Cult of Multiculturalism* against multiculturalism advocate Nigel Darbasie.

The two Canadians, both coincidentally of Trinidadian origin, engaged in a public debate on the question of "Canada's Multiculturalism—Success or Failure?" Although the debate did not result in an answer to this age old question, the speakers attempted to offer their insights and expertise on the issue as over a hundred curious Edmontonians looked on.

Bissoondath began his discourse by cutting into multicultural policy from its origins in the Trudeau era. He deigned multiculturalism an opportunistic policy devised by Trudeau to offset his growing unpopularity in 1970-71. He also observed that Trudeau never mentions his fashioning of Canadian multicultural policy in his memoirs. He maintained "this is a great reason to doubt sincerity behind the action."

The thrust of Bissoondath's argument was that "multiculturalism legitimizes a kind of divisiveness....It proposes to highlight the differences in order to celebrate them." Bissoondath's point was

that in the formation of Canadian identity, we should focus on the similarities of Canadians.

"What are the values that unite us all? What kind of lives are we trying to create as one people?...What values do Canadians believe in?"

Darbasie countered his opponent's argument with an example close to home. Refuting Bissoondath's claim that multiculturalism leads to cultural and ethnic ghettoization, Darbasie recalled his days in SUB and CAB at the University of Alberta in the early seventies. Cultural groupings and identification existed then in Darbasie's opinion, yet these did not preclude one's personal involvement in other academic or social groups.

Significantly, in the rebuttal session, Bissoondath sincerely acknowledged certain criticisms of Darbasie, changing the tone of the debate to one of mutual understanding rather than antagonism.

During the question period, however, Bissoondath was applauded and grilled for his stance on multiculturalism. While Bissoondath was accused of manipulating the multiculturalism act, demeaning multiculturalism, being intellectually dishonest and generally apathetic—many questions were emotional outbursts which failed to address his central argument.

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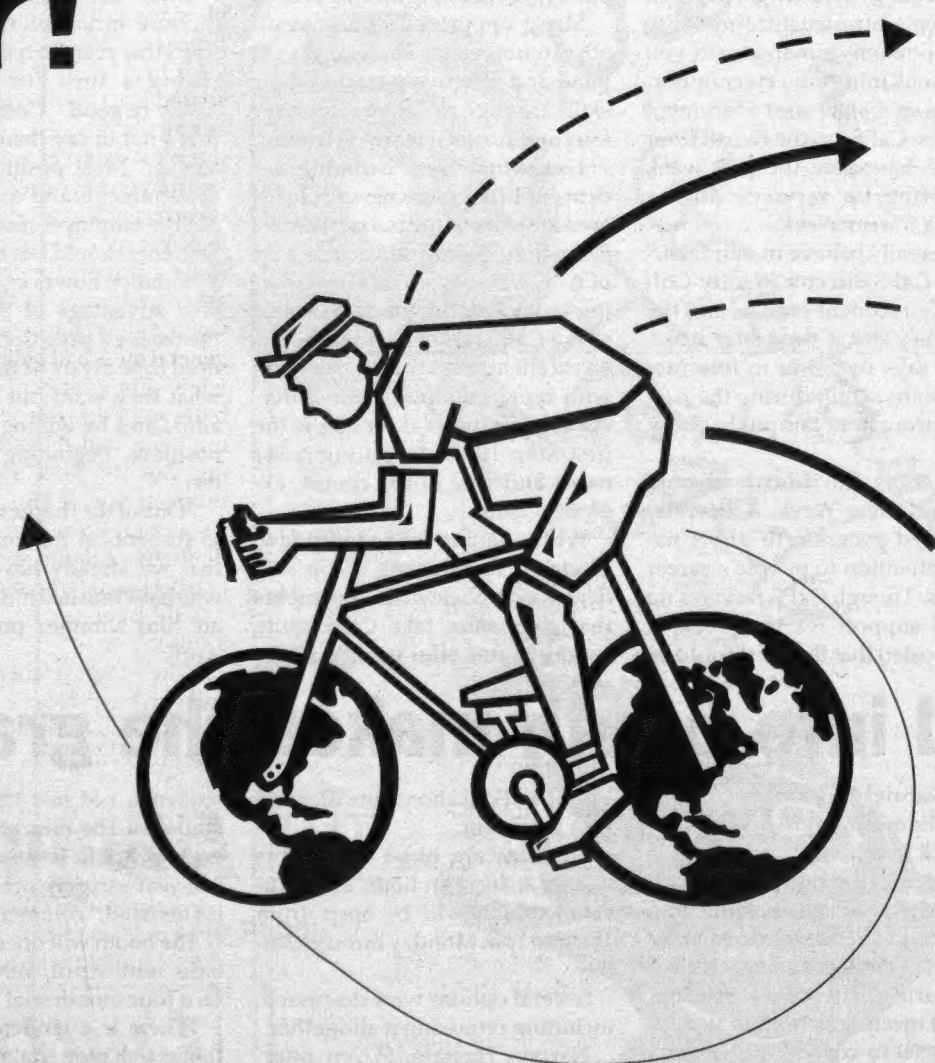
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OPINION

Managing Editor Tami Friesen 492-5178

Editorial The Trickle

When the baseball strike was called way back in the summer, I thought it would never last. It did, and as a result, we didn't have a chance to enjoy the World Series this fall. I like baseball. By no means is it my favorite sport, but it is just one of those things that everyone seems to get hyped about (especially in the last few years with the Blue Jays being champs). It embraces the whole issue of Canadian unity. Canadians are proud to be known as the country with the baseball elite, considering baseball is a traditionally American sport. The Expos probably would have made us proud again, but we will never know.

What is the point to all this?

You hear now that the National Hockey League players are bored and tired and worried that they will not be in game shape if and when the season begins. Do they ever stop to think about how this will affect the rest of the population? We would gladly trade places with them and sign a million dollar contract. Hey, I would gladly give up some money to help create economic parody among the smaller NHL markets if I had a six figure salary.

What about all the other citizens who are suffering financially because of this fiasco?

Think of the concession workers at the Coliseum. Many of them are poor students who may not have a part time job now. The sports bars, restaurants, and hotels all experience the same drought in revenue. Meanwhile, what about expenditures?

The professional athletes may not be getting their paycheques, but neither are countless others. The loss begins at the top but in turn trickles all the way down to the arena concession workers. Without games, the ticket revenue is non-existent and the team owners lose out.

Public perception might be viewed as "if the players and the owners cannot agree, who cares? They are too rich anyway." In reality, this is not the case.

I believe that the players and the owners are not looking at the big picture and how this lock-out, strike or immature attitude, whatever adjective one may choose to describe this greed, affects the rest of the population.

What are the long term consequences of the professional sport league strikes?

My guess is that even if the players laced up the skates and donned the shoulder pads tomorrow, the strike would still not be complete. No, it would only be the beginning. Angry fans would plan a revolt, and refuse to come back to the rink, giving the sporting bureaucracy a taste of their own medicine.

The fans are the only ones profiting from this mess if you analyze the strike in financial terms. Season ticket holders all across the board are literally saving thousands, and in these tough economic times, who is to say that they will want to part with their dollars after all is said and done?

Finally, an idea could be to have everyone involved in "the talks." The repercussions of the strike affect those within and beyond the perimeters of the professional sporting world, so everyone should be able to voice their concerns. Of course this is not a realistic proposal. This situation of petty greed will surely worsen before a light can be seen at the end of the tunnel.

—Allison Boychuk, Sports Editor

GATEWAY

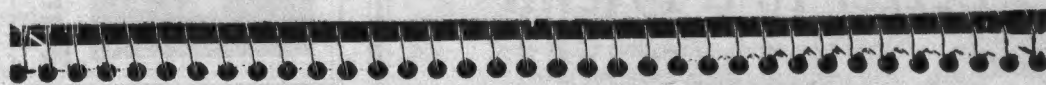
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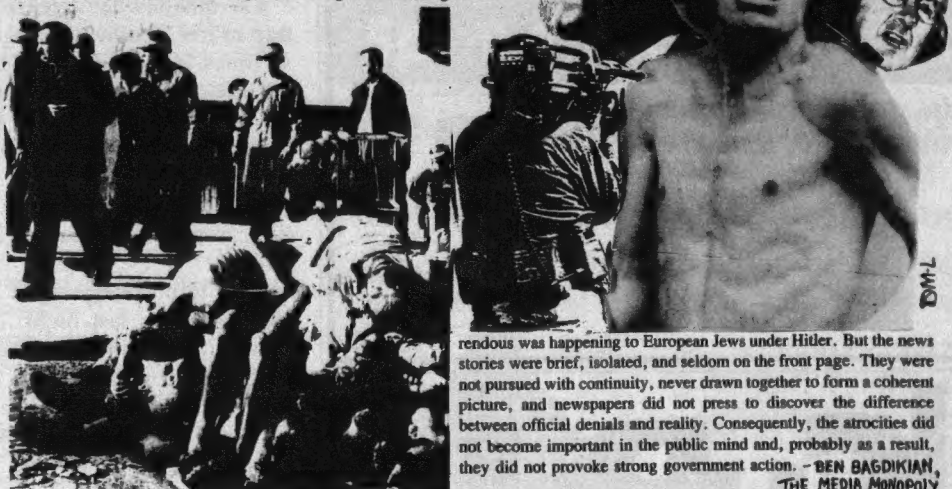
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...and this issue's thought du jour comes care of Giles Pinto
who overheard a clerk claiming: *Everything is possible at
L'Express.*

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But there are two kinds of impact on public opinion, one brief and transient, the other prolonged and deep. The first is the single news item, soon obscured by dozens of new ones, each day tending to obliterate the impact of what went before. A compelling study of the ephemeral quality of isolated news accounts is Deborah Lipstadt's book, *Beyond Belief*, which reveals that American newspapers from 1933 to 1945 printed numerous reports showing that something hor-



rendous was happening to European Jews under Hitler. But the news stories were brief, isolated, and seldom on the front page. They were not pursued with continuity, never drawn together to form a coherent picture, and newspapers did not press to discover the difference between official denials and reality. Consequently, the atrocities did not become important in the public mind and, probably as a result, they did not provoke strong government action. —BEN BAGDIKIAN, THE MEDIA MONOPOLY

Letters to the Editor Revulsion

Something happened last week and I snapped. As a smoker, I'm part of a reviled group. We're being squeezed out of public facilities on the basis of the disgusting, polluting, insensitive behaviour of our members. I've always prided myself on being non-disgusting and as sensitive to others as possible, (can't do much about the pollution).

It was in this light that I noted with appreciation the apparent blind eye that the authorities have turned to the current situation in CAB. In my prideful way, I demonstrated my personal thanks by ensuring that my disgusting, insensitive mess was removed when I left. But maybe the prevailing wisdom is correct in a general sense. Take a look. We collectively, are a bunch of slob. I watched a person flicking ashes and butts on the floor, and wanted to stand up and yell. The general mess had bothered me for a while—the wrappers, cups, bottles, butts and ashes left on tables, heating vents and floors was disgusting. But the final insult was the insensitivity of this ash-flicking behaviour. Consider what it says: I don't give a damn about...

1. the people who share this space,
 2. the poor guy who has to clean it up,
 3. the administration's right to sit and enforce policy.
- Maybe, collectively, we smokers deserve revulsion.

Lynn Danforth

Stamps

In response to Giles Pinto's editorial published Nov 1, 1994:
As a student who has \$1200 tied

up in a University meal plan, I have this advice to give to others in this situation: buy stamps.

Stamps are the only products that you can purchase with your meal card that can't be purchased cheaper elsewhere. (And even Versa can't ruin a Canadian Postal Stamp!) It's pretty amusing to see the faces of the Marina Staff when you ask for 2,608 stamps. And don't let them tell you there is a maximum of two packages of ten per person per day. Take it up with one of Versa's BIG CHEESES. They may be reached at 492-4411—and they are very polite and reasonable. Call and complain. It's the only way things will improve. After all, we're stuck with them for five years.

What will I do with over two thousand stamps you ask? Who knows. But even the inconvenience of owning this huge part of Canada Post's inventory can't detract from the feeling of joy derived from keeping my money out of Versa's bank account.

A. Phillpot

Lament

Twice!

Truly I wept when I heard the news on the morning of November 1. "A Wetaskiwin judge has acquitted a man of assault charges because he was 'too drunk' to control his actions." Have Canadians become so morally degraded that they can allow such injustice to occur? Society cannot permit anyone to assault another person for any reason. Period.

Women (I use the term "women" here simply because in each case a woman was the victim), be warned that if you choose to engage in activities that involve alcohol, you are

liable to be 'legally' assaulted. According to the justice system, a person, by getting drunk, can assault someone else. Getting drunk has now become a license to assault. Therefore, I strongly urge people to avoid situations in which they have a greater chance of coming across a drunk (for example: bars). You may think: "Oh, my drinking buddies would never do that..." Eventually "if you play with fire you're gonna get burned..." In other words, if you engage in these activities often enough, eventually you will be 'legally' assaulted by a drunk. I am not referring just to the females but to the males as well.

Speaking of men: in these judicial cases, who were the cowards who had to hide behind a veil of drunkenness to avoid prosecution? Time to face the facts guys, *you* screwed up. Obviously if a person cannot control themselves when they drink, then they must not drink.

Assault of any kind is scary, and legalizing certain aspects of it make it even scarier.

Jason Chartrand
Science II

Challenge

The members of STORM (Student Organized Resistance Movement) challenge the Students' Union executives to show up at the march and rally, Saturday the 5th of November, to protest cuts in public services.

STORM

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from

Letter to a Friend

You blame me that I do not look
At cities, swiveled, from
The eye of the crazy gunman, or
The man who drops the bomb.
Twenty years watching from an ivory tower,
Taller than your chimney-stack,
I have seen fields beyond the smoke:
And I think it better that I make
In the sloganed wall the people pass
A window—not a looking-glass.

Jon Stallworthy, 1961



Tami Friesen

In my temple constructed of seemingly possible ideals, the pillar of writing exists as a support for those parts of me which seek expression.

Writing is sacred to me.

It is catharsis. It is defense. It can trap or free, soothe or antagonize. At times, it is my demon—crying out in violence and anger—but for the most part, it is a voice in my head which goads me into looking on the bright side.

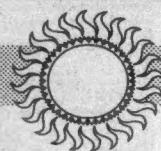
True cynics do not write. True cynics see writing as an exercise in futility.

I had to make myself sit down and write this last night. In the fashion of all who have become disillusioned with the world, I have spent the last few weeks sitting on my butt—wallowing in righteous indignation at the world's injustices. In short, I've been a suck.

The rub is that even in my despondent state, I didn't feel writing about it would help.

"What's the point," I said to myself, "of opening up your brain

The Solarium Windows



for people to look into when all that is there right now is crap—anger and loneliness and frustration and sadness? Who will you be helping?"

And therein lies my true dilemma. My belief is that writing should help (bravely simplistic, really). Every time I sit down to write I have to ask myself: Who am I helping by writing this? Am I working towards self-realization? Am I hoping to raise other people's awareness about things I think matter? Do I write in order to get things off my chest, or because I feel like I have a role to fulfill?

In Mark Twain's essay *Two Views of the Mississippi* he contrasts the views which an experienced steamboat captain, and a young boy standing on deck take of the river. In gaining an understanding of the river, the captain has lost the simple joy of observation present in the young boy's eyes.

I don't presume to know everything there is to know about writing, but I know enough, after three

years of university, to be wary of my craft. The *Gateway* I suppose, is my steamboat. As my co-workers and I steer it through the often icy waters of public opinion, I grow more and more aware of the implications that come with writing.

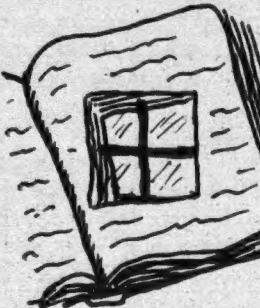
This year, I have often intimidated myself into silence.

Is what I'm writing about truly of value? Do I really believe this? Will people care? Can I make them care? Should I?

Meanwhile, the world's realism threatens to crush my temple of ideals—Christianity, pacifism, equalism, independence, socialism—and every minute I spend staring at blank pages, or lamenting the abuse of writing as a form of personal expression my pillar grows shakier under its weight.

I want to maintain the sanctity of writing. I want to steer my steamboat with confidence and care. I want to believe that all this proliferation of writing is helping.

True cynics do not write.



FISHBONE



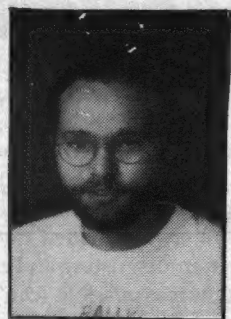
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Peter S. Moore

Each year, Canada's federal government gives the provinces a large chunk of change for post-secondary education—about \$2.27 billion. In addition to a lot of cash, however, the provinces get tax money back in the form of tax point transfers.

The *Federal Spending Background*, January 1994 booklet says, "the federal government makes tax point transfers to provinces which provide provincial governments with tax revenues that would otherwise go to the federal government." Essentially, it's a tax refund, but for the government, not for post-secondary education. The same booklet later says, "Provinces can allocate the federal contribution according to their own spending priorities."

So how much do the provinces get? In 1989-90, the provinces received \$3.075 billion in tax point transfers which they are not responsible for in their public accounts. In Alberta, the money goes straight into the general revenue fund, according to Bob Dawson from Alberta's Advanced Education and Career Development ministry.

I use 1989-90 because that's the year the feds froze funding to post-secondary education. Now, they index funding with Canada's one per cent population increase, completely ignoring increased attendance. Basically, we get the same amount. Meanwhile, Axworthy wants to create a loan fund, quite ironic in light of the current debt hysteria. When debt really counts, they ignore the individuals it impacts.

politics WHINERS

Alberta handed the feds' \$285.4 million in cash directly over to the Advanced Education Ministry. However, no one at Advanced Education and Communications could tell me why they did not also funnel the estimated \$265.2 million tax transfer in with the cash. I think it's reasonable to say this money goes to fund education, but indirectly. Now, back to the whiners.

The Alberta government loves to whine about being broke. Now we know that the federal money has been there for years: they just never acknowledged it. In 1989-90, Alberta spent \$978 million on post-secondary education. The total federal transfer totaled \$550.6 million,

dent. Guess who made up the difference? That's right: YOU.

But there's no money, right? Wrong. In fact, between 1988 and 1992, Alberta spent \$30 million less in Advanced Education alone than was budgeted to them. Then-Advanced Education Minister John Gogo just threw it back into the province's general revenue pot. He could have founded a \$30 million scholarship and grant fund or donated cash to campus food banks. Obviously, political points to the party's financial whip take priority over student needs.

Sacrificing education on the debt-deficit altar is even more ridiculous considering its sheer economic, not to mention social and cultural, benefits. Alberta taxpayers directly spend only about \$460.5 million per year, not even one per cent of our province's \$70 billion GDP. Whiners.

At least 60 per cent of Albertans believe education should get more money. Budget in an extra \$210 million for university grants and everyone gets free tuition. It's not just true, it's possible and necessary. Yet, I hear students wonder whether they deserve an education, whether students have the right to be here. Students give yourself credit. You work harder than most people in our society and you pay lots to do it. The people in the so-called real world socialize and talk to their friends; you should too. A world of workaholics is no world at all.

The Tories' economic reductionism is a nightmare for human beings. When will the Alberta public wake up? The time is now. Wake up and tell these whiners the facts about education at the rally November 5, 12:30, Grant MacEwan College Centre Campus.

Students, give yourself credit. You work harder than most people in our society and you pay lots to do it.

about 56 per cent of Alberta's post-secondary education expenses. What a deal!

Federal Liberal Lloyd Axworthy's revolving loan funding plan is also based on the assumption that we spend too much on students. Has spending really increased over the last decade? Not according to Statistics Canada.

In 1980-81, about 888,500 post-secondary students studied at colleges, universities and technical schools and had \$7.62 billion spent on them (indexed to an inflation rate (CPI) of 52.3 per cent, this comes out to about \$11.6 billion in 1990). That works out to about \$13,060 spent per post-secondary student then. Now, Canada spends \$15.32 billion on 1,323,400 post-secondary students: \$1,487 less per stu-

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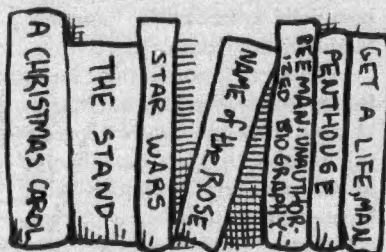


Patrick Fowlow

Literary Diatribe

those people. In that age, you would not have been able to read any of the books which are so precious to you now.

It was only around Dickens' age that the general public became an audience, through serialized sections of novels. Dickens was perhaps the first superstar of writing. Not because of his intellectual writing style, but because he wrote to influence his readers emotionally. (He used this in an attempt to change people's views on social is-



sues.) *A Christmas Carol* remains endearing for its emotional impact, not its philosophical ideals.

Books today are not able to be a good measure of new thoughts or problems. By the time they are finished, the ideas contained are on the verge of being obsolete. Even newspapers are overwhelmed—and they come out daily. Television and satellites have rendered them useless as a means of communicating information, much like the telephone has the art of letter writing.

Even reading as entertainment is nearly unnecessary. Why read Stephen King, Edith Wharton, or Victor Hugo when you can see the movie or stage production, or even listen to the cassette?

I am happy to see people read

anything today. I too worry about the literacy of the planet. I do not, however, espouse the view that reading Danielle Steele or Michael Crichton is not as worthwhile as reading something more elitist. If people find enjoyment by escaping into those yarns instead of Hemingway or Chaucer, good for them. Telling people what to read is as awful as telling people what not to read. If someone spends the day reading nothing but words meant to educate why, in their free time, would they want to tackle another textbook? I find every once in a while I need a bit of mind candy to help myself relax. Not every book I read can be by Stephen Hawking.

I was in a play called *Whither Tyler* earlier this year. It was a take-off of *An Actor's Nightmare*. It was a silly piece of fluff. It contained no moral issues. No weighty ideas were presented. It was purely for entertainment purposes. Does that mean it should not have been written or performed? The play was written by Scott Sharplin. Does he feel irresponsible for writing such a meaningless item?

There are a multitude of talented writers out there. Try coming out from behind the counter in the bookstore you consider your lofty perch and reading them. Here are some writers I've read recently: Milan Kundera, Umberto Eco, Raymond Carver, and so on. I also did read one or two Stephen King books. Come see me if you want specific titles. I'll even help you through the entertaining parts if they are beneath your literary sensibilities.

Books today fulfill a specific niche. They are an escape from the information-deluged society in which we live, an oasis in the CNN desert. Does the fact that they are more entertainment oriented today than in centuries past lessen their value? Does everything we read or do have to be an intellectual challenge? Shouldn't an emotionally moving book be given the same appreciation as books which expand our views?

A few weeks ago I read an article by Scott Sharplin bemoaning the decline of the role of books in our society. Upon first reading, it seemed a harmless diatribe, but over time it bothered me. It struck me more as a didactic article which said that anything which does nothing more than amuse is not worth reading. If you do read them, you are unintelligent and illiterate.

Sharplin longed for the age of Milton, when the printed word "carried the information and philosophies of the times throughout the population." The only people educated enough to read at that time were the clergy and the extremely upper class. The majority were off burning witches and heretics. Books were not for general consumption; they were locked away in libraries, only for scholars. They were made for the elite and only passed information between

Your SU Exec Speaks

Suzanne Scott...

on the Green Paper



Just when you thought it was safe to concentrate on your books again, we have been hit with another discussion paper outlining changes to post-secondary education.

Lloyd Axworthy's paper *Agenda: Jobs and Growth, Improving Social Security in Canada* outlines some of the biggest changes we've ever seen to post-secondary education. Frankly, a lot of what's in it really worries me.

The biggest problem with the "Green Paper" is the change in the way post-secondary education will be funded. Presently, the federal government spends \$2.3 billion per year on transfer payments to provinces, targeted for post-secondary education. Out of Alberta's share, the provincial government spends \$253 million on post-secondary education. If the Green Paper is given life, this will no longer be the case.

What does this mean? Let's consider the individual person who is either already a student or hoping to become one. Individuals will likely be asked to pay about \$5,000 next year in tuition. Some students will argue we should pay more for

our education, and that 30 to 40 per cent of the total operating budget is acceptable. But consider this: tuition at 40 per cent of the total operating budget would be about \$4,500 per year (ancillary fees included); add living costs, let's say \$5,600 (\$700 per month)—all of that will lead to \$40,000 per four year degree, if you take it in four years.

Would you have thought twice about coming here if you had to take on that much debt? Some of you might be fortunate enough to have your parents pay for your education, or have a great savings plan set up for you, but what about those who aren't in the same boat? Do we just let them sink?

Even if you dispute that, let's look at the effect of tuition increases on the institution. Right now, an institution can reasonably predict how many students will be attending the next year. They also know how much money they will be receiving, (even though it is decreasing), and are able to make plans on that basis. If that changes and money is transferred to the hands of the students, it's all well and good to make arguments such as

"market forces will dictate where students go, so it will encourage universities to make their programs the best," but will it really enable institutions to be the best?

Consider telling professors they could be teaching either 400 students next year, or ten. Numbers of students could fluctuate a great deal from year to year, not enabling the university to plan its year or its programs well. How could you plan research not knowing if your project would be funded the next year? How could you attract the top professors if they didn't know from one year to the next how many students they would have, or whether or not the university would have sufficient resources to support itself?

I wonder if anyone thought of these questions when they considered these changes. Perhaps the last question to ask is what would Canada look like without a highly educated population? Would we still be considered one of the most industrialized nations in the world? Would we still top the UN report on the best countries to live in?

I doubt it.

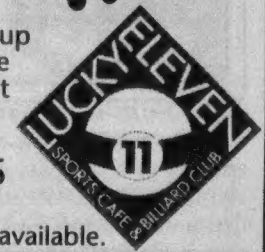


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Shirley Schipper

i n t r o s p e c t i o n Things I'm Afraid Of

tandem nerve stimulation. He is still screaming.

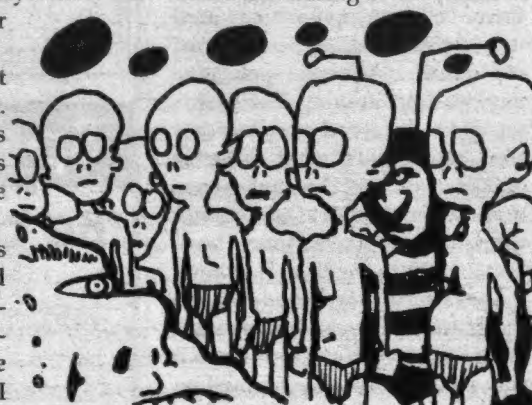
At the next commercial I crawled over to my boyfriend, into his arms and whispered "I didn't like that at all. I feel sick. I didn't like that." He told me that it was only a show—it wasn't real. It never really happened.

I still can't get that scene out of my mind. Every time it returns my eyes hurt, my jaws clench, and I feel like puking.

This week, I was visiting a friend whose office is directly above the emergency room at the University hospital. I was telling him about my uneventful weekend when suddenly I heard a shout. I stopped breathing. Some man downstairs was screaming—screaming for God. I wanted so desperately for him to stop that I was getting angry at him. The worst part was that it wasn't a dream, it was really happening. It was more disturbing to me than the alien abduction because it was real.

Sometimes I think I may have the wrong brain—that it really belongs to a disturbed sadist. It's always thinking about things which horrify me. It thinks about the level

of pain an antelope must feel being eaten alive, how it must hurt to be burned at the stake (*The Last of the Mohicans* really got to me for awhile) or what the hell it was that the guard was being repeatedly dunked in during the riot scene of



Natural Born Killers. I hate it when my brain comes up with new creative ways of killing a helpless animal. The more I develop and experience things, the worse it gets.

I am tired of the morbidity and violence I am exposed to. I am becoming aware of the cruel potential that human beings possess (like the aliens) and it scares me.

When I was a child, the only things that frightened me were never real. I was scared of the snakes under my bed and would leap to safety after switching off the light. I was afraid of the green booger baby who would shift posi-

tions when I stared into the dark closet too long. I still remember being curled up in a little ball watching *The Lighthouse* one night and having to push off the power knob with my hockey stick, not wanting to touch the television set.

Now, the only things that frighten me are things that could really happen. I am scared of being raped by someone infected with AIDS, being tortured to death by a psychotic killer, being homeless, losing the love of my life, dying...

I can try to ignore it but I know that in reality someone out there is being tortured to death. A pleading wife is begging her abusive husband to stop. A child is being burned over and over with cigarettes. A school boy is being gang raped. I think about it every day every time I watch the news or read the paper. It pokes at my throat and digs at my gut and I can't make it stop.

I wish I were a child. I wish I had the faith of a child, child-problems and a child-like mind. I wish I could turn off the world just for a moment and erase those things that dwell within. I want to live in a fantasy world where everyone is loving and kind and the only pain we experience is remembering how the human race destroyed itself, where the only violence we see will be the cruel little aliens on TV.

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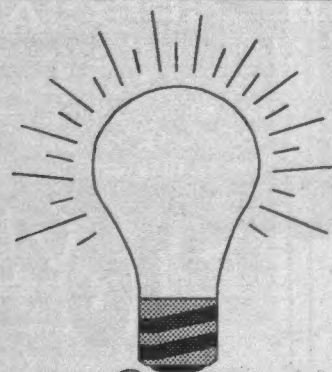
November 7 - 10, 1994

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Monday & Tuesday - CATCH THE CARAVAN!

9:00 am - 3:00 pm

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Become aware about the new age of ability of Canadians with a physical disability within an innovative, informational, technological environment.



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Rick Hansen Centre

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Saturday, Nov 5th @ 6:30pm (Main Gym)

Formal "Kick Off"

Follow The Leaders of UofA, SU and GSA as they wheel from SUB to CAB
Monday, Nov 7th @ 12 noon



Look for details at any
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Wednesday & Thursday - "BECOME MORE AWARE"

AWARENESS TABLES! Experience a disability!

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Music by Braille Tone Music Society

LEARN TO "SPEAK"! American Sign Language
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By J. Chapman, S. Roy & R. West
HEAR ABOUT IT! Dr. James Vargo, Rehab. Med.
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SEE! The Hit Fringe Play
"Crips Against The Law of Gravity"

FEATURE VIDEOS

SUB	9am - 4pm (Wed.)
HUB	9am - 4pm (Thurs.)
SUB	11am - 3pm (Wed.)
HUB	11am - 1pm (Thurs.)
Educ N 4-110C	9am - 12noon (Wed.)
Dinwoodie	1pm - 4pm (Wed.)
SUB 270A	11am - 4pm (Thurs.)
Dinwoodie	12noon - 1pm (Wed.)

Dinwoodie 7pm (Wed.)

T.B.A.

HOROSCOPE

by Samson Chui

Aquarius (January 20 - February 18)

Lusting to bond with your tree-hugging-granola self you stride boldly into Eddie Bauer and buy yourself a big bottle of their signature cologne. After leaving the store you will wonder why you plopped down thirty bucks for something that smells vaguely like a pine tree air freshener.

Pisces (February 19 - March 20)

I can see clearly now...the rain is gone...I can see all obstacles in my way...gone are the grey clouds that had me blind...you're going to meet a bright sun-shiny person.

Aries (March 21-April 19)

Listening to the Beach Boys will cause you to reminisce about old TV shows like *Welcome Back Kotter*. Wasn't that show great! Baa Baa Baa Baa Barino! Yah, John Travolta Forever!!!

Taurus (April 20 - May 20)

This year you will offer good mileage at affordable prices. Definitely a good buy. The airbags and other safety features make the Ford Taurus a great buy.

Gemini (May 21 - June 20)

The stars are in the order of the revelations. Life, the universe and other questions will all be answered for you. Answering all questions will reveal this: 5 68 34 2 28. These are the winning lottery ticket numbers. With this question answered, who cares about the rest? The stars also reveal that if you do not share these winnings with the man who wrote these horoscopes, you will grow hair on your palms, and your genitals will shrivel up and fall off. Kerplunk.

Cancer (June 21 - July 22)

Multiculturalism plays a strong part in your life. You will run into a group of Chinese guys who will force you to get a haircut like theirs. Then they will get you to write pro-chopstick articles for the *Gateway*. On the way to the office you will see a birl (a small wart with short hair). And you will think aren't they just gross? The very opposite side of the incredibly sexy.

Leo (July 23 - August 22)

Health and a happy attitude will become a key part of your life. Your skin will become fair and you will gain a little spray of freckles across your nose. Before you know it you will look like someone who should star in a milk commercial. With a good wholesome name like Garret Poston or Jo-anne Bishop.

Virgo (August 23-September 22)

The person that you are dating will become a born-again virgin. This will cause you to re-evaluate your view of yourself as a smouldering hunk of irresistible lust incarnate.

Libra (September 23 - October 22)

This month, you will suffer from being constantly hit on. Men, women, even dogs will all want you. Those born under this sign are incredibly good looking and charismatic. I advise you to simply accept your godlike attractiveness. There is no other way.

Scorpio (October 23 - November 21)

This month dumb ass meetings will dominate your life. You will be dragged from dumb meeting to dumb meeting. Some of them will be long and boring, and others will be short and pointless. Have you ever noticed that any number of good ideas generated in any meeting are quickly overpowered by the bullshit inherent in all meetings?

Sagittarius (November 22 - December 21)

Today you will meet someone in the street. You may or may not know them. Yet they will play a somewhat important role in your life...somehow. Maybe.

Capricorn (December 22- January 19)

You will be happily reading the newspaper when you hear an ominous knocking on the door. Thump. Thump. Thump. There on the steps will be two missionaries. You will talk to them because one of them is kind of cute. After reading the magazine they give you, your brain will melt. Ever wonder why they like to wear hats?



Shannen Rackette

The dream that night was incredible, and confusing. I was herding my sheep when a burning bush began to talk to me: "Chignon you were meant for a greater purpose, go now to the top of yonder mountain and meet your guide." Filled with elation because the shrubbery had chosen to talk to me, I joyfully skipped towards the peaks of the forementioned mountain.

I skipped for forty days and forty nights when suddenly Toucan Sam flew overhead with a small child in his beak. He squawked, "You idiot! Turn around and go back, you missed the peak!" Great sorrow filled my heart as I realized my bush had forsaken me by giving me obscure directions.

As I moped up the hill towards the highest point the sorrow left me and I became light headed, dizzy. I began experiencing black-outs. Just when I felt I could go no further, I reached a plateau and there before me lay two stone tablets. I ran toward them but before I could achieve my goal, a voice filled with power rang out "Get away from those, I'm not done with them!!" Startled, I dropped to the ground, fearful of looking toward the direction of the voice.

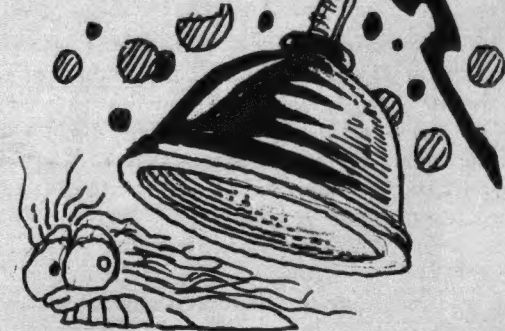
Obviously this was not the response the voice wanted. "Hey, look at me when I talking to ya!" I realized that I was about to look into the face of "The Supreme Being" and slowly I glanced upward. There, standing before me magnificently with power radiating from his body, was Mario, a golden plunger in his right hand.

"Hey ya kid, 'bout time ya got here. I been waitin' for a long time now." Violently, he threw the

Not just noise MARIO

plunger at my head muttering, "Take this and get outta my face will ya?" I had not expected this kind of response from my guide, but dumbfounded, I obeyed his commands. I leapt down the hill with the plunger in tow, not bothering to stop and question he who was "omnipotent."

I was running too fast down the slope and before I knew it I was out of control and rolling wildly toward a thicket of trees. Unable to stop myself, I bounced headfirst into the largest trunk. The pain was over-



whelming, and I blacked out...again.

When I awoke I was lying in my own bed and my damn roommate was screaming something about "Niagara Falls in our bathroom." Realizing the situation was out of his control I tried to return to the land of slumber. Unfortunately, I could not ignore his voice and as his cries turned to "Help me I'm melting!" I decided to rescue him from whatever joke fate had decided to play.

I cautiously entered the bath-

room fearful of what might await me inside and there, perched atop an overflowing toilet, was the crazed loon himself. My dream took over. I knew where the golden plunger was hidden and instantly I sought it out. I rushed to halt the watery Apocalypse and madly mounted the porcelain bowl.

Mario's voice resounded through my skull directing my actions and I desperately tried to keep up with his instructions. As I straddled the white abyss my roommate, dancing uncontrollably on the tank, started shouting, "Man the rafts! Women and children first!" I realized he would be of little help and so, full of divine bravery, I proceeded to gyrate atop the slippery surface of the rim.

It took only moments and then it was over. The plunger lost

its golden sheen and I realized its power had drained. I was victorious! I had conquered man's worst enemy—the toilet that won't stop. I was exhausted from my efforts and returned to my bed, thankful that His Holiness, Mario, had blessed me with his knowledge and angry that my roommate had forgotten his morning dosage of Prozac.

The moral of the story is:

Learn how to plunge, it may save your life...don't depend on Divine Intervention.

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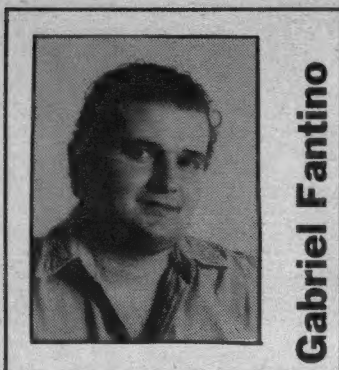
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Gabriel Fantino

ARGENTINA:

Life, Bombs, and the Pursuit of the Argentine Dream

All photos by Gabriel Fantino

The first sign that anything was afloat was the sight of students dutifully painting banners and making photocopies. I toured the hallways with my friend Javier as he explained that the building had once been a hospital. The wide doorways and antiseptic-white tiles everywhere made this obvious. But it was converted to academic purposes thirty years ago, and is now the home of the Psychology Faculty and the Dentistry faculty. I have been in South America about a month now. I am one quarter through my summer stay.



Tucumán: tame student protests contrast past.

I am in Argentina visiting friends and family. It's been ten years since I've last touched Argentine soil, and now I view this nation of contrasts through adult eyes. I arrived in Buenos Aires, metropolis of ten million. It is definitely the most charming city I've been in, possibly the fastest, most civilized place on earth. One walk down Calle Florida and you realize these people are firmly seeded in the first world. Your stereotypical image of a South American peasant taking yet another siesta under a tree crumbles as fast cars, cell phones and Armani-suited movers and shakers whiz by. The energy and bustle is incredible but like in New York, you better be on guard. Street smarts are required here.

The Spanish and French governments make payments to help restore the buildings on certain streets; seems they are some of the best surviving examples of European architecture. The city's founding fathers spared no expense in building their capital with the riches of the interior. No wonder they call Buenos Aires the Paris of South America.

However, currently I find myself in the northern province of Tucumán. Travellers quickly realize that Argentina is actually two worlds. Buenos Aires and the Provinces. Buenos Aires has most of the people, industry, and wealth. But out here, 1200 kilometres from that capital of capitals, you find a place with one foot in the modern world and another in colonial times.

As most of the students at the National University of Tucumán carry on with their lives, some gather with the student political party of their choice. There are three main ones and they usually take turns winning the elections through the see-saw of public opinion. The parties also have real-

Despite Argentina's turbulent past, notorious for rampaging protesters and violent clashes with riot police, things have cooled down. There is little interest in violence these days, as the seemingly bored police look on from a distance. The students settle in front and begin the festivities by singing the Argentine National Anthem. Not exactly a very militant bunch. In fact many students I talked with said Argentina's youth had been bitten by the apathy bug that is sweeping Europe and North America. Some of the speakers fear the government will eventually raise the yearly fee to ever-increasing levels.

Enrollment at a national university costs nothing. No tuition fees and a quality education always ensure a large student population. Consequently, the ratio of people with a post-secondary is among the highest in the world. A degree typically takes six years, but Medicine and Law can take up to eight or even ten years. There are now quite a few private universities in Argentina, a nation which has been privatizing everything from the phone networks to its airline, bus and railway systems. Partly because of this the country has enjoyed some of the highest rates of foreign investment in the world and an economy that

such as here in the northern provinces. But even here I saw an Alberta cellular telephone company installing towers that receive



Demonstration in Buenos Aires.

cellular phone signals. The Argentines seem to have an almost insatiable appetite for the devices.

The private universities are not respected because they are essentially degree-factories and profit driven. True, they have better maintained buildings and supplies, but the teaching staff are minimal and often mediocre.

A few weeks later I was back in Buenos Aires and attended a huge rally in the nation's seat of power, the Plaza de Mayo in the heart of Buenos Aires. The plaza filled up nicely and although the organizers claimed a turn out of 100,000, the actual number was closer to 60,000. The police were out in force, but mainly because the protest happened in front of the Casa Rosada, the Argentine equivalent of the

happened.

The president, Carlos Menem, declared the rally a failure, saying his reforms are supported by all sectors of society. Perhaps he is right, considering the standard of living is on the rise. Although there are significant numbers of disenfranchised citizens, especially among the poor who are not enjoying higher wages even though prices have gone through the

roof, the mood is: "to work hard to get ahead."

Competition and international trade is the call of the day, and American style management and industrial policies are en vogue.

There are also signs that Argentina's elevated international profile is bringing global problems to its people. Two years ago the Israeli Embassy was blown sky high allegedly by Iranian terrorists. There was outrage and disbelief. This July, at 11:19 am, while people walked and shopped past the seven story home of a Jewish community centre in the upscale and mostly Jewish neighbourhood of Once, a massive bomb went off. I was in a subway tube at the time of the explosion, about ten blocks away from the Jewish centre (the

AMIA). In the resulting investigation, it was said that over 500 pounds of TNT had been used. The building had been completely leveled and the blast had broken windows for blocks.

A week after the blast, I visited the bomb site, flashed my Gateway press pass and after some nimble explanations, I was in. The building was completely gone and as the rubble was removed you could see the crater. All reporters had to stand away from the surrounding buildings because glass was still

falling from shattered windows. All told, over 100 people died.

A nation had lost a little bit more of its innocence.



BOMB SITE: the remains of the A.M.I.A. on Calle Pasteur.

grows at an annual rate of 30 per cent.

Needless to say, the nation is flooded with greenbacks, yet poverty still persists in some regions

White House. Those who regaled the crowd with speeches drew heavily on the country's historical past, hoping to entice the population to rise up. That, however, never



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La Presse Active

Novembre 1994

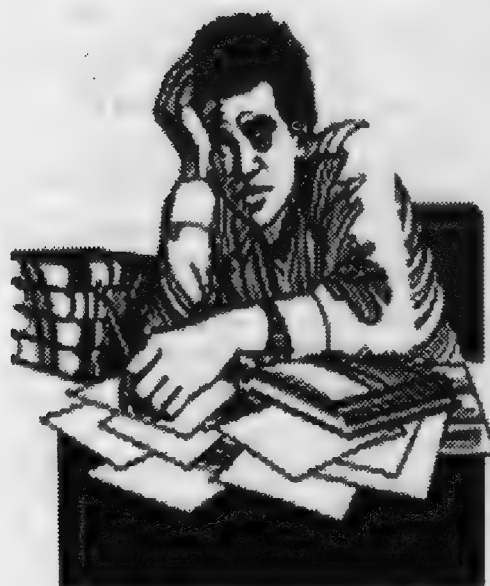
LE JOURNAL FRANCOPHONE DE L'UNIVERSITÉ DE L'ALBERTA

VOLUME 9 NUMÉRO 3

Un sentiment d'exclusion grandit dans les couloirs...

par Gary Papillon

Faculté Saint-Jean: la flamme universitaire est en train de mourir...



Démocratiquement élue l'année dernière par une majorité écrasante (l'une des rares fois où les étudiants de la Faculté Saint-Jean ont voté massivement lors de l'élection d'un Conseil Etudiant), l'administration de M. Brent Bénard, mandat sous les bras, a pris possession des locaux de l'A.U.F.S.J. (Association Universitaire de la Faculté Saint-Jean) avec pour objectif premier de réorganiser la vie sociale estudiantine à la Fac et de donner surtout aux étudiants les privilèges et honneurs qui leur reviennent de droit. Parallèlement, Eve Landry est arrivée sur l'avant-scène avec des objectifs quasiment identiques à ceux



Lettre ouverte aux étudiants(es)

Eve Landry

Je m'empresse de vous écrire cette petite note avant de partir définitivement de la Faculté. Mon départ précipité fait suite à une offre d'emploi que j'ai reçu de la part d'un employeur de la région de Québec. Je me suis trouvée devant un choix difficile à faire; rester parmi vous ou entreprendre un nouvel emploi. Finalement, pour prendre ma décision, j'ai fait une rétrospective des événements que j'ai vécus depuis mon arrivée.

Je suis arrivée ici avec une vision très concrète du travail à faire et surtout très enthousiaste à l'idée de travailler avec vous les étudiants. Malheureusement, la réalité que j'ai vécue ici est tout autre. Mon travail et ma motivation ont été freinés par une bureaucratie rigide, voire même sans compromis de l'administration, au

point d'encourager ma décision de démissionner de mes fonctions.

J'espère que mon départ suscitera des réflexions sur le travail de collaboration qui doit exister entre l'administration et les étudiants. Il serait tellement plus simple et agréable de travailler ensemble vers un but commun, soit de faciliter l'intégration et l'épanouissement socioculturel des étudiants durant leur séjour à la Fac.

Je tiens à remercier les étudiants, les professeurs et certains membres de l'administration pour leur encouragement et leur support depuis mon arrivée. Soyez assurés que je demeure encore disponible, même à distance, et que vous êtes toujours dans mon cœur.

suite page 4

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Editorial



Gary Papillon

Rédacteur en chef

En quête de la vérité...

Penser, réfléchir et essayer de discerner le vrai du faux est à la portée du premier venu. Cependant, la force des choses nous oblige à chercher ce que bien peu de nous sont en fait capables d'atteindre. Lorsqu'on cherche à parfaire la bonté, elle ne fleurit plus, à captiver la vérité, elle se meurt tranquillement et elles sont hors d'atteinte. L'accession à la vérité est une fenêtre ouverte par

laquelle on laisse entrer la brise fraîche qui nous rafraîchit et qui nous donne la possibilité de sombrer dans un sommeil réparateur propre à effacer les torts et à redevenir des

êtres nouveaux.

Accéder à la vérité n'est pas dans le processus de la pensée, puisque la nature humaine corrompue dans son essence même, déforme et salit tout ce qu'elle touche. De ce fait, on commence à se créer des illusions, des rêves sans lendemains qui n'ont d'autre but que de nous détourner de notre source première. Par conséquent, on est dépourvu d'initiative et on se perd puisqu'il n'y a pas de voie qui y mène. On s'égare, on se bute

aux mille et un tourments quotidiens, puis on s'égare.

Il faut s'égarer pour se retrouver. Pareille, on a peur de l'inconnu, mais suivre les sentiers battus nous conduira à une voie qu'on n'a pas tracée, à laquelle on n'avait pas été prédestiné, et le résultat ne serait que déboires et mélancolies. Dans notre siècle, on se sent désemparé, vide à l'intérieur parce qu'on n'a plus d'objectif. On essaie à la fois d'être sérieux et, du même coup de profiter des plaisirs factices que nous offre la vie. Ils sont médiocres, certes, mais ils reflètent une partie de notre âme et, confronté à l'inconnu, on n'aime pas trop se regarder dans un miroir.

Rien ne nous a été enseigné. Nous avons appris à nous regarder nous-mêmes, à essayer de disséquer l'humanité et nous ne sommes que

des aveugles qui se croient lucides alors que notre mauvaise foi nous fait passer proche de la vérité sans pour autant la connaître vraiment. Renoncer à tout ce que l'on a déjà appris, c'est faire fi de soi et se libérer de toute tradition. Vouloir regarder le monde ou bien soi-même, c'est faire preuve d'une autorité, d'une liberté sans bornes, que les anciens ne nous pardonneront pas. On n'a pas d'âme et on n'existe plus dans ces cas-là. Le refus et l'entêtement constituent la rébellion et aussi la négation de tout ce que l'on a appris. Mais, comment bien apprendre si nos maîtres avaient des yeux écarquillés?

Pour voir, il faut être libre, indépendant et autonome. Or, toute liberté est le refus de l'ordre préexistant et est, par nature, antisociale, donc, contraire à l'existence même de

l'individu.

Pour voir, il faut utiliser la liberté qui est l'essence même du genre humain, se débarrasser de tout artifice, de tout équivoque afin que la vérité puisse pleinement remplir notre âme. La vérité n'est pas le fruit de longues recherches, de longues méditations et de je ne sais quoi encore, mais elle réside dans l'acte de pouvoir se décider à regarder les choses comme elles sont et non pas comme elles devraient être. La charité bien ordonnée commence par soi-même dit l'autre, l'on se doit de regarder avec lucidité tout ce qui nous entoure et ce n'est qu'à partir de ce stade qu'on pourra l'apercevoir dans toute sa grandeur, dans toute sa lucidité. Lorsqu'on sera arrivé à ce niveau-là, on aura alors atteint le commencement et la fin de toute notre recherche et notre vie revêtira alors une autre signification.

Du racisme à la Faculté Saint-Jean

par Ann Tremblay

Dans le système d'éducation, il y a des failles. Après mûres réflexions nous les découvrons ici à la Faculté. Comprenez-vous pourquoi, si la faculté est française, que dans nos cours de français on nous donne d'abord la définition en anglais. Par expérience, pour apprendre une langue, il faut savoir d'abord la définition du mot dans la langue qu'on apprend.

Je ne comprends pas non plus qu'on favorise les anglophones parce qu'ils font plus d'effort que ceux qui maîtrisent cette langue. Par conséquent, le problème ici est que bon nombre de personnes qui viennent étudier à la Faculté, dont certains ne maîtrisent pas du tout la langue et n'ont aucune connaissance en français. Il y a là, matière à réflexion, à bien y réfléchir est-ce que le programme répond vraiment au choix des étudiants car, je ne m'imaginais pas un anglais en train d'enseigner le français, une langue dans laquelle il n'a aucune notion.

Nous avons déjà observé une stagiaire de la faculté St-Jean qui ne connaissait même pas la définition du mot requin alors que les étudiants avaient une recherche et une présentation à faire sur ce sujet. Alors vous voudriez donner le travail de l'enseignement du

français à ces étudiants ! Sincèrement je ne vois pas comment. Certains cours sont exclusivement documentés de livres en anglais, c'est à ne rien comprendre parce qu'aujourd'hui nous observons une très grande amélioration au niveau des livres en français. On nous donne plusieurs raisons par exemple, c'est trop cher ou encore ils ne sont pas disponibles en français.

Je suis désolée mais tous les livres pratiquement sont disponibles en français il suffit de faire la recherche et de plus ces livres ont des prix variables selon les clientèles. Alors, est-ce que nous étudions en français? A ce niveau la question se pose.



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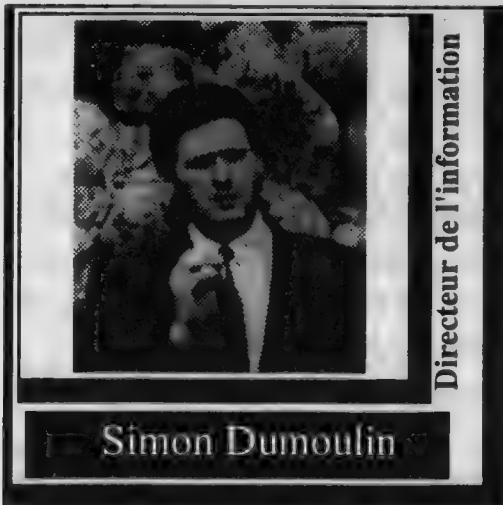
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Je m'en fous...

A bas les melons d'eau !



Depuis ces dernières années, nous avons assisté à l'éclosion d'une nouvelle école idéologique, celle des "Melons d'eau". Mais avant tout, qu'est-ce qu'un melon d'eau? C'est tout simplement quelque chose qui est "vert" à l'extérieur et "rose" à l'intérieur. Le vert est l'environnementaliste et le rose est le socialiste latent. De tous les côtés ces pastèques nous bombardent de leurs "bonnes" intentions. Sous l'égide Terre-Mère, ces hypocrites nous saignent à blanc. Prenons l'exemple de l'administration de la ville d'Edmonton. Lors de la cérémonie de son couronnement, la mairesse a commencé son règne en ayant l'effronterie de refuser de porter la fameuse peau de castor, jusqu'à ce moment tradition et symbole des gens d'affaire qui date de la naissance de la ville d'Edmonton. Cet acte déplacé avait pour but de dénoncer la traite des fourrures, commerce sur lequel Fort Edmonton fut fondé. Mais l'ignominie ne s'arrête pas là.

Parlons du recyclage. Vous savez combien ça coûte? \$200 la tonne.

Ceci inclut la cueillette, le transport, le recyclage et la commercialisation. Une fois les rebuts recyclés, nous pouvons les vendre pour la coquette somme de \$20 la tonne! De plus, l'administration n'a pas encore trouvé preneur (qu'arrive-t-il à ces déchets recyclés?). O.K. ça coûte cher mais on se doit de penser à maman la Terre en premier! Mais ce que l'on néglige de mentionner, c'est que l'on a présenté, en 1992, à la mairie

d'Edmonton une proposition utilisant un procédé tout à fait sécuritaire pour l'environnement. Ce procédé consiste à localiser une faille profonde et parfaitement étanche afin d'y déverser les déchets compressés en rondelles. Ces dernières sont délayées avec une solution saline. Cette technique, peu coûteuse, est utilisée depuis près de 25 ans en Allemagne dans la roche calcaire, et jusqu'à ce jour, aucun danger pour l'environnement n'a été décelé. Un groupe d'intéressés a déjà localisé 2 failles importantes près de Sherwood Park qui pourraient engloutir les déchets des Edmontoniens pour les prochaines 75 années. Ces fissures contenaient du gaz naturel, donc leur étanchéité n'est pas remise en question. Mais le plus beau dans tout ça c'est que cette méthode d'enfouissement pourrait se faire pour la modique somme de \$19.75 la tonne. Malgré l'économie importante encourue, (on ne cesse de nous répéter qu'il n'y a pas assez d'argent dans le budget pour débayer les rues l'hiver ou pour réparer les chemins, pour améliorer le système d'épuration d'eau, etc.), la mairesse a catégoriquement refusé d'entamer une étude sur le sujet. Pantins de l'opinion publique ou administrateurs responsables? Je crois qu'il est d'importance primordiale de préserver l'environnement, mais ceci ne doit point se faire à nos dépens. À bas les melons d'eau!

Chronique du fouinard

Saviez-vous qu'il existe beaucoup de potins au sujet du personnel de la Faculté. En fouillant dans les annales et dans les archives de l'institution, j'ai pu en prendre beaucoup. A chaque édition de la Presse Active, j'en profiterai pour vous en faire connaître un.

A tout seigneur, tout honneur, commençons donc par une des personnes les plus aimées par les

étudiants; Thomas Bilodeau.

Homme intègre et très intelligent, s'il en existe un à la Faculté, c'est bien lui. La preuve de la force et de l'intelligence de notre prêtre, c'est que j'ai trouvé dans les archives de ce qui s'appelait à l'époque le Collège Saint-Jean, pas plus tard qu'hier, la demande d'inscription du jeune Thomas.

Auriez-vous pu croire que le

jeune bambin à l'époque a fait sa demande d'inscription à l'âge de deux ans? Oui! Oui, à deux ans. Remarquable! Sublime! Quel grand homme! Bien entendu, il a été aussitôt refusé. Ce qui n'empêche pas qu'il a bien repris par la suite.

A la prochaine édition.

Le fouinard.



Un sentiment d'exclusion... suite de la première page

de M. Bénéard.
L'Animatrice culturelle et le Conseil Étudiant, soudés en un bloc, se sont mis à pied d'oeuvre. Pourtant ce mariage n'a pas fait long feu : un mois et demi plus tard, Eve Landry, le boute-en-train des étudiants a démissionné de ses fonctions. Sans animateur ou animatrice culturelle, l'A.U.F.S.J. essaie tant bien que mal de recoller les morceaux qui restent.



L'A.U.F.S.J. s'en va en guerre...

Les étudiants(es) se sentent un peu livrés à eux-mêmes car il faut aussi souligner le fait que l'âge médian se situe aux alentours de vingt et un ans et que, pour nombre d'entre eux, c'est la première fois qu'ils se retrouvent seuls. Les recrues forment alors bande à part, s'agglomérant tantôt dans les environs immédiats de leur chambrée à la Résidence ou parfois dans le vaste auditorium.

Il n'existe plus de consensus entre les étudiants sur les points communs qui les réunissent.

Embarqués tous, bon gré mal gré, dans le même bateau, ils se pressent l'un à l'autre, mais en fait, ils sont seuls car chaque individu sait qu'il ne peut compter que sur lui-même. Autrefois, à l'époque du bon vieux temps, on divisait pour régner, mais une nouvelle tactique a été mise en avant et comme résultat, nous aboutissons à la situation que l'on a actuellement. Maintenant, le système les oblige à s'endetter lourdement afin qu'ils puissent poursuivre leurs études et du même coup, on peut mieux les contenir.

Face à une surcharge académique inquiétante, des frais de scolarité de plus en plus élevés, il est tout à fait normal à ce que tout un chacun ne pense qu'à sa propre réussite au détriment de toutes les autres activités de quelque nature que ce soit.

Faculté Saint-Jean, Collège Saint-Jean ou École Secondaire Saint-Jean! Laquelle de ces trois définitions est la bonne!

Certains étudiants affirment qu'ils se sentent plus à l'aise au Campus Ouest parce que là-bas c'est immense et qu'ils peuvent aisément se perdre dans la foule sans se soucier des commérages. Paradoxalement, La Faculté Saint-Jean est notre maison et, comme dit le dicton, "on ne peut jamais être aussi bien que chez soi". Pourtant, il existe une certaine animosité entre les cliques qui se font et défont au fil des heures et sans échanges véritables, la vie sociale dépérit lentement. De ce fait, on est porté à croire qu'à la fin de leurs études, l'étudiant moyen obtiendra un diplôme de l'Université d'Alberta alors qu'en dedans de lui-même, il sait très bien qu'il n'a été rien d'autre qu'un simple étudiant d'une institution donnée.

Les clubs sont en perte de vitesse, anciens et nouveaux n'ont plus un terrain commun d'entente et l'individualisme gagne de plus en plus de terrain. Finis les temps où les étudiants étaient fiers d'être membres d'une collectivité active, à mordre dans la vie estudiantine à belles dents. L'Université, croit-on, forme les leaders de demain, mais nous pouvons déjà augurer sur notre société future qui sera composée essentiellement de gens amorphes, de dociles sans opinions et sans volonté de contestation.

Consciente du problème, l'Association des Universitaires de la Faculté Saint-Jean l'A.U.F.S.J. a décidé d'intensifier sa politique de vulgarisation et de sensibilisation. Nombreux sont les étudiants qui refusent catégoriquement d'entrer dans le Salon des Étudiants par peur de soutenir le regard inquisiteur de soixante paires d'yeux lors des bistrots. Les anglophones, bien que majoritaires, sont intimidés par les francophones qui eux, à leur tour, cèdent le terrain aux québécois qui se sentent isolés. En laissant sa porte ouverte tout le temps, l'A.U.F.S.J. espère que les étudiants seront conscients de leur statut et qu'ensemble, on peut améliorer notre sort.

La Presse Active...

Yannick Dufour

Ce magnifique moyen de communication qu'est le journal La Presse Active, a besoin de votre collaboration. Oui, vous tous étudiants, étudiantes, enseignants, enseignantes, concierge et (j'en passe...) On a besoin de vos idées et de vos commentaires. Si vous sentez le besoin de vous exprimer, allez-y... La Presse Active est votre journal, utilisez-le à bon escient. Après tout, si les paroles s'envolent, les écrits, eux, restent!

Au plaisir de vous lire...

Voyage sensualiste

Laisse-toi partir de ce monde frustrant,
Rentre dans celui du Fantasma étourdissant,
Où l'amour et l'extase sont dirigeants,
Viens goûter à la sueur de la Fantaisie climatique.

C'est le voyage spirituel vers le climat inconnu,
La tentation de ressusciter les esprits Grecs de ton corps,
Pousser à mouler ma masculinité entre tes seins,
Perdre tout contrôle et laisser le règne de l'instinct animal.

Savourer ce goût mystérieux sans barrières,
Laisser la vague d'extase orgasmique pincer l'animal,
Plus séduisant que l'amour lui-même,
Cette chaleur a la puissance d'une locomotive.

Poète moderesto exclamatoris

COURRIER DES LECTEURS

L'opinion de nos lecteurs est la bienvenue sous cette rubrique. Faites nous parvenir vos lettres, articles, commentaires, etc... à
La Presse Active, Faculté Saint-Jean
8406-Rue Marie-Anne Gaboury, Edmonton T6C 4G9

Mr Gary Papillon,
Rédacteur en chef,
Presse Active,

Re: Fièvre d'être québécoise, par Ann Tremblay, et la Presse Active persiste et signe...! par Gary Papillon, La Presse Active, octobre 1994, page 3.

Ayant résidé au Québec pendant sept mois, (pendant le recensement électoral) on m'a accordé le droit de vote pour les élections provinciales. En arrivant à Edmonton afin de pouvoir continuer mes études à l'Université d'Alberta, on a volé mon droit de vote. Comment cela s'est-il passé ?

J'ai été enregistré comme électeur le mercredi 10 août 1994. Je demeurais à Montréal à deux minutes de marche de l'Université McGill. Ma demande d'admission a été approuvée à l'Université d'Alberta, j'ai décidé de partir pour venir faire ma maîtrise ici. J'ai quitté Montréal le vendredi 2 septembre via l'autobus Voyageur/Colonial Greyhound et je suis arrivé le dimanche 4 septembre 1994. Une semaine plus tard, j'ai téléphoné au Bureau du Québec à Edmonton pour m'informer où je pourrais exercer mon droit de vote. J'ai été étonné d'apprendre que

1) Dans mon cas, j'aurais dû voter par correspondance avant le lundi 15 août 1994;

2) Beaucoup de Québécois de passage en Alberta ont été ainsi

trompés dans l'exercice de leur droit de vote;

3) Personne ne pourrait faire aucun arrangement au dernier moment pour nous donner la possibilité d'avoir accès à ce service.

Faisons le calcul suivant : globalement, le PQ a gagné avec une marge de 1%. Des 6.5 millions de Québécois, 5 millions ont le droit de vote et la participation a été de 80%, donc 4 millions d'électeurs. 1% de 4 millions fait 40.000 personnes. Dire que 40.000 gens ont été ainsi lésés dans l'exercice de leur droit de vote dans tout le Canada (le Québec y compris)? Nul ne le saurait. Mais on m'a volé mon droit de vote et tout le monde s'en fout sauf moi.

Edward Antoniu

Master's Computing Science

Cher ami,

J'ai toujours cru qu'un vote ne fait pas une grande différence. Dans ton cas, je pense que je dois reviser mon opinion et ceci le plus tôt possible. Dommage que tu fasses partie de ceux qui avaient été "bernés" par le système, peut-être que toi, comme les autres 39.999 personnes tu avais l'intention de voter libéral et donc Parizeau n'aurait pas maintenant un chèque aussi rondet chaque quinze jours. Bon courage, mon pote.

Un québécois typique...

L'auteur de cet texte nous est inconnu et nous ne l'avons pas corrigé aussi...

Le 4 décembre, 17h00. Il vient tout juste de commencer à neiger. C'est la première fois de la saison. Ma douce moitié et moi buvons tranquillement notre coupe de cognac près de la fenêtre du salon regardant les doux flocons osciller en tombant, s'attachant aux arbres et couvrant le sol. Que c'est beau et agréable.

Le 9 décembre. Nous nous réveillons avec une belle couverture de neige immaculée couvrant tout le paysage. Quelle vue fantastique! Chaque arbre et arbuste est couvert d'un beau manteau blanc. J'ai pelleté la neige pour la première fois cette année et je me suis amusé comme un fou, j'ai pelleté le trottoir et l'entrée. Plus tard, la gratte est passée et a

recouvert l'entrée de la cour avec la compactée de la rue, le chauffeur m'a souri et je lui ai envoyé la main en retour. J'ai repelleté l'entrée.

Le 13 décembre. Le soleil a fait fondre presque toute la neige. Ah! Je suis sûr que nous en aurons d'autre avant que ce merveilleux hiver soit fini.

Le 14 décembre. Il en est tombé 8 pouces pendant la nuit et la température est descendue à -10. J'ai encore repelleté l'entrée et le trottoir. Peu après la gratte est repassée et a répété son même petit jeu.

Le 15 décembre. J'ai vendu l'auto et acheté un 4X4 Blazer afin que l'on puisse continuer à nous promener dans la neige. Je l'ai équipé de 4 pneus à neige.

Le 18 décembre. Je suis tombé le cul, sur la glace de mon entrée. J'ai dû déboursier \$123.00 chez le chiro; heureusement rien n'était brisé. Le crisse de ciel se couvre encore.

Le 19 décembre. Il fait frette en calvaire (-22 ce matin), les routes sont glacées, la conduite est impossible et j'ai frappé une rampe avec l'auto de ma femme. Probablement \$2000.00 de dommages. Elle est en beau tabarnak.

Le 20 décembre. Un autre ciboire de 14 pouces de marde blanche est tombé la nuit passée. Encore de l'euchariste de pelletage aujourd'hui. La saint-crème de gratte n'est passée que deux fois seulement aujourd'hui.

Le 22 décembre. On est assuré d'un Noël blanc parce qu'un autre 7 pouces de marde blanche

nous est tombé dessus la nuit passée et avec cette calisse de basse température, ça fondra pas avant le mois d'août, crisse. Je me suis habillé pour sortir pour pelleter cette crisse de marde encore: bottes, jumpsuit, jacket, cache oreilles, gants, etc... Et comme je suis prêt, j'ai envie de pisser.

Le 24 décembre. Si je pogne l'enfant de chienne qui runne la gratte, je lui fait faire 1000 pieds dans la neige à le tirer par les guts. Je commence à penser qu'il se cache au coin de la rue et attend que je finisse de pelleter pour venir passer à 100 milles à l'heure et garocher sa crisse de marde dans ma cour.

Le 25 décembre. Ils prédisent 12 autres pouces de cette sacrement de crisse de marde blanche. Y a quelqu'un qui sait

combien de Jésus-Christ de pelletées de neige, 12 pouces veulent dire? Fuck le Père-Noël, y'a jamais pelleter le vieux tabarnak. Le gars de la souffleuse est venu me demander pour une donation. J'y ai calissé un coup de pelle dans face, le crisse. Le docteur pense qu'il va survivre.

Le 28 décembre. Y est tombé encore 11 pouces de marde blanche. Je deviens probablement aveugle ou je suis un cas sévère de dépression parce que ma femme commence à être regardable.

Le 29 décembre. La toilette a gelée pis le toit commence à enfoncer.

Le 30 décembre. J'ai crissé le feu à la maison, je calisse mon camp en Floride pour toujours.

La Presse Active persiste et signe...!

Gary Papillon, Rédacteur en chef

Ils sont braves ces anglos qui se disent francos. Un vocabulaire moyen, une compétence académique solide et par-dessus tout une volonté de fer d'apprendre la langue française, tels sont les principaux critères d'admission que l'individu moyen peut aisément remplir et "bienvenue" dans une communauté française aux membres indécis qui, maintenant, ne savent plus sur quel pied danser. D'une manière générale, la francophonie se porte très bien, se plaît-on à dire, mais nous ne croyons pas qu'ils ont déjà eu la chance de côtoyer de près nos chers bons vieux francos.

"Je vais aller à la danse demain, you gonna be there?" me suis-je déjà laissé entendre quelque part. Point n'est besoin de dire que j'ai souri dans mes moustaches. Un professeur de math laisserait passer volontiers une telle boutade alors que le prof de français l'aurait carrément soulignée à l'encre rouge et aurait, possiblement, annoté "cancer" sur la copie s'il avait eu à buter sur un de ces multiples échantillons, dans un devoir. Le curieux amalgame langagier qu'utilisent nos chers francos, est, selon nous, une nouvelle espèce en voie de procréation. Dans ce laboratoire fertile où les opinions et les idées biscornues germent et jaillissent à floraison, l'on est à même de se demander pourquoi nos linguistes sont obligés d'effectuer de longues recherches pour étudier et chercher

à comprendre d'autres phénomènes qui ne nous concernent même pas. Ils devront se mettre à pied d'oeuvre, ici dans les murs de la Fac en exploitant ainsi cette culture fraîche, en plus d'avoir la primeur d'assister à la naissance d'une langue hybride, anachronique et irréaliste au sens vrai du terme.

La langue française, celle que l'on m'a enseignée à l'école, a perdu ses lettres de noblesse. Une langue sinieuse, compliquée, embarrassée d'équivoques, aux mille et un détours dont des dizaines d'années d'études, des lectures à la tonne n'arrivent pas à "combler les trous" qui perdurent. Peut-être qu'on ne parle pas de la même langue... Par-dessus tout, ils finissent par réussir avec brio les cours de français les plus difficiles, devrait-on dans ce cas parler d'exploits...?

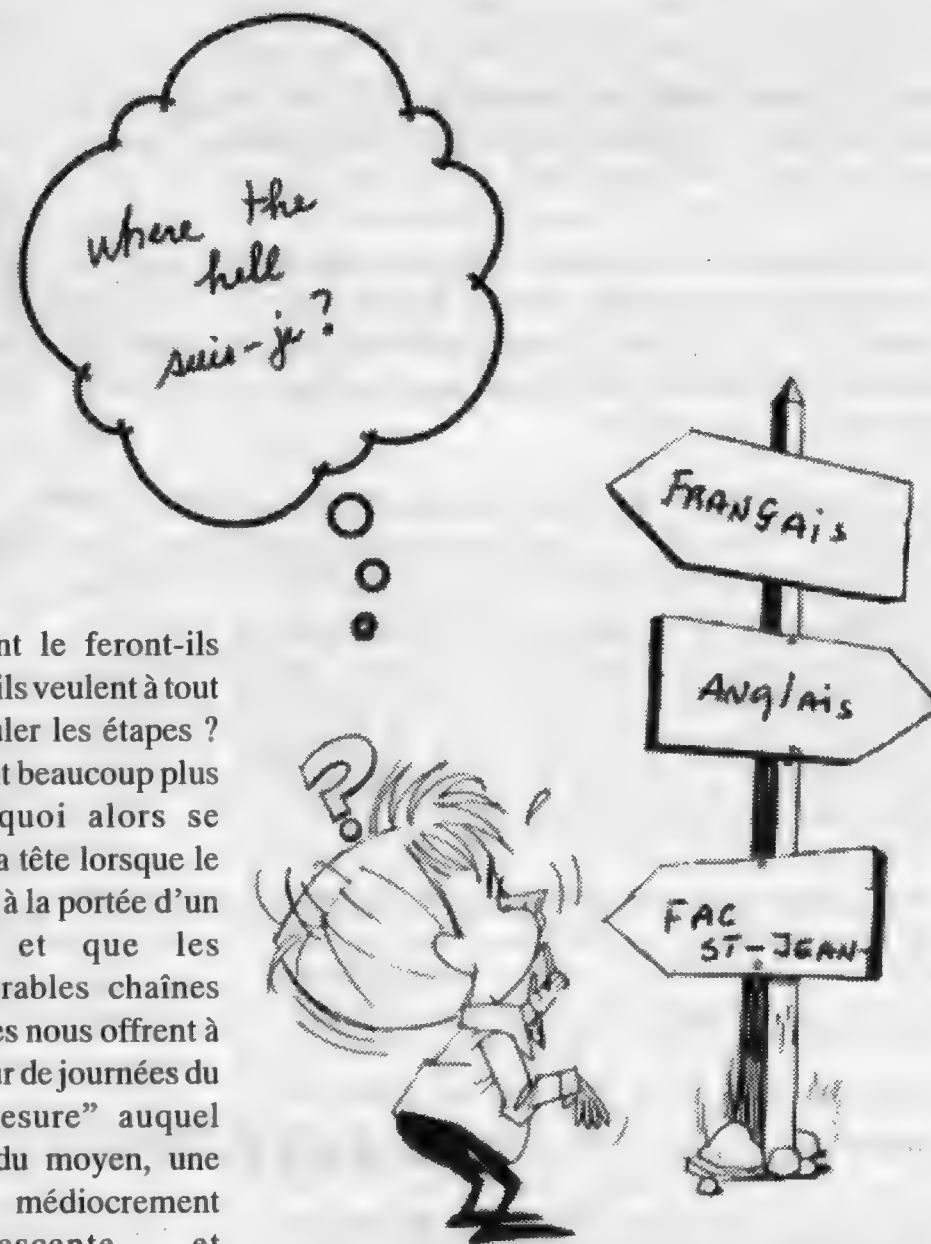
Une analyse exhaustive des faits nous laisse à penser que certains opportunistes utilisent la Faculté Saint-Jean comme une porte dérobée pour accéder à l'Université de l'Alberta. Cependant, le système ne se laisse pas avoir par le premier venu. Heureusement qu'on avait pensé à installer un crible quelque part pour trier le vrai grain de l'ivraie. Malheureusement, on ne peut pas tous les retenir et les générations futures auront alors le loisir de prendre le relais.

Quoi demander? Qu'ils s'expriment mieux! Et

comment le feront-ils puisqu'ils veulent à tout prix brûler les étapes? En lisant beaucoup plus! Pourquoi alors se casser la tête lorsque le rêve est à la portée d'un "clic" et que les innombrables chaînes anglaises nous offrent à longueur de journées du "sur mesure" auquel l'individu moyen, une lumière médiocrement incandescente et vacillante qui luit dans les ténèbres épaisses du "ce n'est pas si grave que ça" peut aisément s'y identifier et s'y retrouver. Manque de volonté des uns, détournement pudique du regard des autres ou encore "pourquoi forcer lorsque ça va comme ça peut".

Au nom des générations futures, il faut qu'on arrête de prendre des vessies pour des lanternes et qu'on se décide à regarder du bon côté de la lorgnette. Ils sont en train de faire tout leur possible pour vivre et agir en vrais francos, mais malheureusement, on ne leur donne pas aucune chance. Ils ne sont pas du tout confiants en eux-mêmes et ils se laissent facilement démonter par la critique. Pourtant, il

Where the hell, suis-je ?



reste quand même de l'espoir. En continuant toujours de s'acharner, ils nous ont donné, à nous les usagers de la langue française, une véritable leçon de courage. Oser braver l'université et en français bien sûr, lorsqu'on ne sait trop bien, si le mot "lune" est

du genre masculin ou féminin, est à mon humble avis, de l'héroïsme.

Chapeau bas à ces valeureux et intrépides anglos! Et surtout, ne vous laissez pas impressionner, continuez...!



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Giancarlo Bruni-Bossio

L'artiste ver à soie de la société !

Thuan Tran Nguyen

Au début de l'été, le papillon commence à pondre des oeufs et il meurt dès que son travail finit. Le printemps suivant, de petits vers à soie éclosent. Ils se nourrissent en mangeant continuellement, jour et nuit, des feuilles du mûrier. Un fois leur développement maximal atteint, les chenilles arrêtent de manger et sont prêtes à filer leur cocon, un fil de soie enroulé. Après trois ou quatre jours, le ver à soie change en chrysalide et puis en papillon. Pour sortir de son cocon, le papillon doit le percer et, le cocon percé n'est plus propre au commerce et à l'industrie. C'est pour cette raison que l'on garde seulement un petit pourcentage de chrysalides pour la saison prochaine et on tue la plupart des autres.

Un jour, une idée vient à l'artiste et il veut la concrétiser. Il ramasse des renseignements, observe le monde autour de lui, écoute les gens et analyse attentivement ses notes. Quand les matériaux essentiels sont suffisants, l'artiste commence à travailler. Le temps coule, l'artiste file son propre cocon - son oeuvre - formé par les nuits blanches, des jours sans repos, par son doute et des fois par les moqueries des gens, même de ses amis. Mais il continue à travailler. Une voix mystérieuse lui dit: "Mon ami, tu dois aller jusqu'au bout du chemin" et il s'incline devant cette ordonnance. Le travail est fini. L'artiste envoie avec espoir son oeuvre aux autorités. Aucune réponse, ou les critiques attaquent farouchement son travail, sans pitié, fouillent comme des fous, dans son livre des fautes grammaticales, des phrases mal structurées, on ne sait pas ? Une partie de sa vie est tuée en silence.

Je me demande souvent pourquoi le ver à soie accepte d'être tué dans l'eau bouillante. Pourquoi l'artiste a-t-il la passion d'exprimer pour les autres leurs sentiments, leurs conflits intérieurs? Quoi qu'il sache, qu'il pleure des fois sur sa vie ! Je ne peux pas trouver la réponse à cette question, mais je sais, que de la mort du ver à soie, nous avons des vêtements magnifiques, brillants au soleil et que de la mort lente de l'artiste, nous retrouvons notre vie.

En vente: au Carrefour et
à la Presse Active



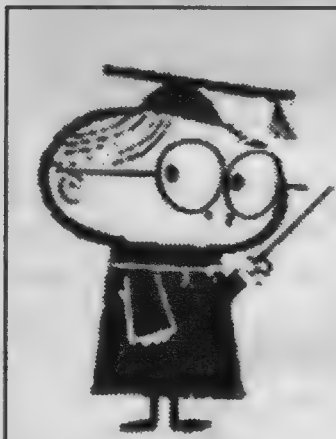
La Presse Active

Date de tombée pour la prochaine édition

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**Déposez vos articles au casier de la
Presse Active ou encore, passez nous
voir à notre local Annexe 1-3**

Igroky : à la recherche d'une nouvelle identité...



Benjamin Freeland

la révolution russe en commençant par la révolution de novembre et en finissant par le régime tyrannique de Josef Stalin. Dans la version créée

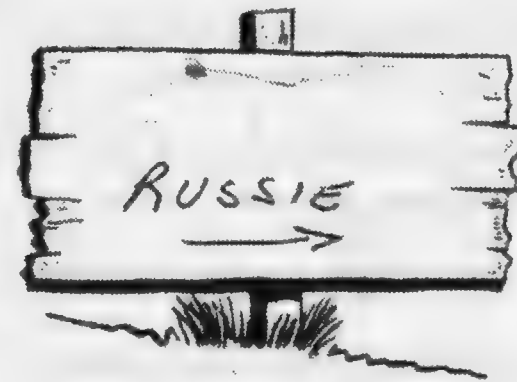
Depuis l'attroupement du peuple slave après la chute de l'empire romain, les Russes sont à la recherche d'une nouvelle identité. Ils ont subi les régimes des Vikings, du khanat mongol, des tsars et des communistes. "La Ferme des Animaux '94" termine par l'exposition d'un écriteau disant : "en construction" au milieu d'un tas de débris, le tout symbolisant la Russie d'aujourd'hui. Les Russes cherchent toujours leur identité.

"La Ferme des Animaux," une oeuvre de l'auteur britannique George Orwell, est une histoire qui trace un parallèle à l'histoire de

par le *Théâtre Igroky de Moscou*, l'histoire continue de nos jours, avec la chute du communisme, les problèmes socio-économiques et la montée du candidat néo-fasciste Vladimir Zhirinovsky. Il promet au peuple qu'il va rétablir la gloire ancienne du peuple russe en reconquérant la Finlande, la Pologne, l'Alaska et les anciens territoires soviétiques et ceci, en déclarant la guerre à l'Allemagne et au Japon.

Pendant que Zhirinovsky hurle ses messages ridicules au peuple russe, pour la majorité des gens la vie s'améliore graduellement.

Pendant le régime communiste, avoir de l'argent dans votre portefeuille ne voulait pas forcément dire que vous trouveriez ce que vous désiriez à cause de l'inefficacité de l'économie centralisée. Aujourd'hui, si vous êtes assez chanceux d'avoir de l'argent, c'est fort probable que vous trouverez ce que vous cherchez. Aussi, la qualité des produits s'est beaucoup améliorée dans l'économie libre.



sont devenus néo-nazis. Aujourd'hui, la Mafia Russe a fait main basse sur tout, partout dans le pays. L'extorsion de sommes d'argent des commerçants est chose courante. La Mafia a même étendu son manteau sur le gouvernement. L'un des acteurs de la troupe Igroky, Rudolf Sarkisov a été dévalisé de 90,000 dollars après avoir perdu son passeport, et qu'un fonctionnaire du gouvernement a forgé sa signature. La protection contre ces activités criminelles n'existe pas encore en Russie.

La présentation de "La Ferme des Animaux" était vraiment incroyable et c'est impossible de décrire les vagues d'émotion que les comédiens provoquaient chez les spectateurs. Pourtant, lors des moments sérieux, il y avait un certain optimisme à coeur léger qu'on pouvait sentir et qui donnait un aperçu de l'amélioration de la vie. Une période de transition est toujours pénible. Ce n'est jamais facile de changer un système politique et économique d'une manière radicale. Face à une telle situation, c'est très facile de perdre le nord et de se laisser hypnotiser par des gens comme Zhirinovsky qui prétendent avoir toutes les réponses. Mais d'après les acteurs du Théâtre Igroky, le niveau de vie en Russie s'améliore.

Merci aux comédiens d'Igroky et soyez courageux, gens de la Russie. Les beaux jours s'en viennent.

Bistro! Bistro!

Chaque vendredi après-midi....

Au Salon des Etudiants

de 15h30 à 20h00

Une autre façon d'apprendre...

La rétention culturelle, une lutte de taille : l'exemple des autochtones au Guatemala.

Par Bernard Pomerleau

Depuis l'arrivée des Européens en sol américain avec le débarquement de Christophe Colomb dans les Antilles, les autochtones du Nouveau-Monde ont vécu plusieurs épreuves d'envergure. Leur existence physique en tant qu'habitants des Amériques a été menacée par les "conquistadores" et par les maladies que les Européens ont apportées avec eux du vieux continent.

Les puissances européennes ont, l'une après l'autre, débarqué et ont revendiqué des territoires propices à leurs projets expansionnistes.

Il existait déjà en Amérique de grandes civilisations bien avant l'ère précolombienne. L'une d'elles était celle établie par les Mayas sur le territoire connu aujourd'hui comme la Mésoamérique. Cette civilisation avait atteint un niveau de développement assez élevé qui avait permis au peuple maya d'établir des cités-états où il vivait en nombre de plusieurs dizaines de milliers d'habitants. Leur réussite en tant que civilisation s'est fait surtout remarquer autant par le niveau intellectuel des Mayas que par celui de la politique.

Un des grands exploits de cette culture a été la découverte du zéro chiffre qui permet d'établir des calculs assez poussés. On croit que seulement deux et possiblement trois civilisations auraient découvert indépendamment le concept du zéro qui a

été exporté plus tard sur les autres continents. En plus de cette découverte phénoménale, les Mayas avaient aussi élaboré un calendrier très complexe qui exigeait des calculs mathématiques d'une extrême complexité.

Aujourd'hui, les descendants des Mayas parlent vingt langues en plus de l'espagnol et luttent pour la survie de leurs langues et de leurs cultures. Ce combat est une véritable inspiration de persévérance pour quiconque valorise la richesse de la grande variété des cultures de notre planète.

Ici, au Canada, il existe un organisme non-gouvernemental créé en Alberta, Pueblos Partisans, qui oeuvre dans le domaine du développement international et communautaire au Guatemala. Fondé par Tom Grauman, coordinateur du projet d'intégration hospitalière/communautaire à l'hôpital Royal Alexandra à Edmonton, il soutient des projets communautaires au Guatemala depuis plusieurs années. Groupe autonome, il organise la tournée en territoire canadien d'un représentant de leurs projets au Guatemala, M. Ruben Feliciano Perez.

M. Feliciano Perez, d'origine autochtone, est enseignant au niveau primaire dans son hameau natal de Chicajalaj, situé à quelques kilomètres de Comitancillo. Il est aussi étudiant en dernière année à l'université jésuite Raphaël Landivar, où il fait des études en linguistique, en pédagogie, en anthropologie et en méthodes de recherche. Il travaille également pour Pueblos Partisans

en tant que chercheur en ethnographie et en socio-démographie, sur la communauté de Comitancillo.

Nous aurons l'honneur d'avoir M. Feliciano avec nous à la Faculté Saint-Jean dans la salle 03, le jeudi 24 novembre pour une présentation d'une durée d'une heure approximativement qui débutera à 12h.

Les sujets qui seront traités par notre invité seront : la rétention culturelle, les langues parlées par les autochtones du Guatemala et la recherche qu'il est en train d'effectuer. Il nous parlera brièvement aussi de l'*Academia de las lenguas mayas de Guatemala*, une entité étatique qui veut créer une société pleinement multilingue et pluriculturelle au Guatemala. Etant donné que les autochtones de ce pays comptent pour plus de 60% de la population, il est possible qu'un tel projet de société se concrétise un jour.

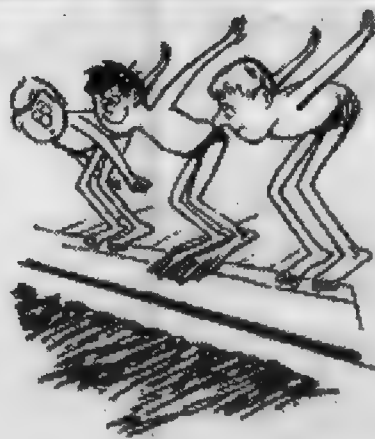
Cette activité est organisée par le Club International de la Faculté Saint-Jean. Ce club est actuellement en formation et désire jouer à la Faculté Saint-Jean un rôle analogue à celui de l'International Centre au Campus Ouest. Nous recherchons des étudiants qui voudraient participer à l'organisation d'événements de cette sorte et contribuer leurs expériences et leurs intérêts en vue de permettre des échanges de ce type. Si vous aimeriez explorer les possibilités de ce club, vous pouvez contacter le professeur David Millar au bureau 066, téléphone 465-8751

Explorer la vie

par Michael Halliwell

Le ciel tombe! C'est impossible, c'est horrible, mais c'est vrai! "Une tête-carré" a écrit quelque chose pour La Presse-Active. Donnez-moi une minute avant de téléphoner à Gary Papillon, le Rédacteur en chef ou à Simon Dumoulin, le Directeur de l'Information et, peut-être, que je peux vous donner un autre point de vue de la vie.

À mon avis, il y a seulement une chose dans la vie qu'on peut vraiment regretter : Celle qu'on n'a pas eu la chance de faire. Vous pouvez rêver jusqu'à votre mort, mais si vous n'avez trouvé ni le temps, ni le courage de faire ce que vous avez désiré, vous allez le regretter. Par exemple, j'ai volé par planeur, j'ai fait de la plongée sous-marine, grimpé les rocs, et beaucoup



d'autres choses et j'ai seulement dix-neuf ans. Chaque fois que j'ai accompli quelque chose comme ça, j'ai gagné une nouvelle partie de la vie. J'ai découvert quelque chose de moi et du monde. Même si l'expérience n'était pas exactement comme je l'attendais, c'est dommage mais je l'ai fait! Avez-vous fait quelque chose comme ça dans votre vie?

On ne doit pas être fou ou avoir l'envie

de mourir, mais on doit avoir un désir d'ouvrir ses yeux au monde. C'est un voyage d'esprit humain et la vie a beaucoup à offrir. C'est dommage si vous permettez aux occasions de s'échapper. Vous ne devez pas faire des choses dangereuses pour l'approuver. J'ai essayé de vous dire que c'est important de trouver les choses qui vous améliorent. N'ayez pas peur d'essayer. Si vous ne l'aimez pas, vous avez gagné quelque chose de la vie. Autrement, vous avez trouvé quelque chose qui peut vous aider à jouir de la vie.

J'espère que vous m'avez compris. Je ne suis ni radical, ni philosophe mais j'ai appris qu'on doit vivre la vie au maximum. Pas mal pour "une tête-carré, eh? ". A la prochaine.

Par Peter Bokor

Mois d'octobre sur les planches...

Comme d'habitude, on voit à la Faculté Saint-Jean les étudiants qui s'occupent très intensivement de leurs activités académiques, néanmoins, il y en a quelques uns qui aiment avoir un petit mélange de culture pour mieux avaler la dose de matière pédagogique. Pour ceux-là, le Théâtre à la carte a offert un goûter d'Ubu Roi au mois d'octobre.

Le père Ubu fut inventé vers 1885, par un groupe de lycéens qui se vengeaient ainsi d'un professeur de sciences physiques, un certain M. Hébert. Leur condisciple Alfred Jarry, alors âgé de quinze ans, en fit le héros d'une parodie de Macbeth qu'il intitula Ubu Roi- oeuvre que l'on considère aujourd'hui la farce la plus célèbre du théâtre contemporain.

La mise en scène faite par le professeur d'Art Dramatique Pierre Bokor accentue la beauté qui d'ailleurs se cache profondément derrière le grotesque du texte d'Alfred Jarry. Le rôle principal est joué par René Aubin, celui de sa femme par Nicole Mallet, ce qui apporte un équilibre extraordinaire à l'ensemble de la pièce.

Le Père Ubu est un monstrueux pantin qui incarne, écrit Jarry, "tout le grotesque qui est au monde". Les conditions mêmes de sa naissance font de cette farce "sombre et sommaire" un acte de révolte adolescente contre la bêtise adulte et bourgeoise. La nouveauté prophétique d'Ubu Roi est double. Cette pièce annonce la folie meurtrière qui devait s'abattre sur le monde au XXe siècle, avec la montée du totalitarisme et elle montre jusqu'à l'absurde la fonction destructrice du pouvoir.

Ubu est l'un des rares mythes modernes.

Mesdames, Messieurs- disait Alfred Jarry, dans son discours prononcé lors de la première représentation d'Ubu Roi- il serait superflu- outre le ridicule que l'auteur parle de sa propre pièce- que je vienne ici précéder de peu de mots la réalisation d'Ubu Roi. Vous serez libre de voir en M. Ubu, les multiples allusions que vous voudrez, ou un simple fantoche, la déformation par un élève d'un de ses professeurs qui représentait pour lui tout le grotesque qui fut au monde. M. Ubu est un être ignoble, ce pourquoi, il nous ressemble, (par en bas) à tous."

La pièce ayant été montée hâtivement et surtout avec un peu de bonne volonté, M. Ubu n'a pas eu le temps de porter son masque véritable, d'ailleurs très incommode à porter. Quant à l'action, elle s'est passée en Pologne, c'est-à-dire, Nulle Part. Nulle Part est

partout et le pays où l'on se trouve d'abord.

La pièce, qui d'ailleurs a été dédié au quatorzième Colloque annuel du Centre d'Etudes franco-canadiennes de l'Ouest, a été invitée par l'Alliance Française de Calgary pour être jouée au théâtre Pumhouse en décembre. Donc, si vous avez eu le malheur de ne pas la voir, vous pouvez bien aller la voir à Calgary.

Autres événements culturels...

- L'Unithéâtre a ouvert ses portes au public avec la pièce La déprime.

- La Boîte à Chansons a eu une soirée très agréable de poésie et de chansons.

Prendre le temps de relaxer au bon moment

Lorsqu'il est question de relaxation les étudiants ont tendance à croire qu'il leur faudra encore investir beaucoup de temps pour apprendre une technique bien spécifique. La bonne nouvelle est que la plupart d'entre vous connaissez déjà des moyens qui ont fait leurs preuves dans le passé. Le plus important sera votre capacité à utiliser vos connaissances et habiletés, lorsque vous en aurez besoin.

Le tableau suivant présente quelques moyens simples pour vous aider à relaxer:

Situation	Moyens
Vous avez mal à la tête	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Massage de la tête • Massage des pieds • Prendre une marche • S'allonger et prendre de grandes respirations
Vous êtes anxieux	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Faire de l'exercice • Planifier votre journée et vos activités
Vous êtes tendu	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Exercice physique rigoureux • Humour • Prendre un bain chaud

Comme vous pouvez le constater, la relaxation n'est pas quelque chose de compliqué, vous possédez tous la capacité de relaxer et connaissez tous pour la plupart, les moyens mentionnés plus haut. Il existe bien sûr d'autres techniques et pour en savoir plus, vous pouvez assister aux sessions pratiques sur la relaxation offertes par les services de Counseling de la Faculté Saint-Jean. Les prochaines sessions auront lieu les 10 et 28 novembre. Pour plus d'informations contactez France et Bruno au 465-8700.

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Contactez le professeur David Millar au local 066, tel 465-8751

Je déteste manger seul !

par Maufrigneuse

2ème épisode

Je t'avais dit plutôt que je m'appelais Hector-Daniel Villa. Tu as sans doute entendu parler de Pancho Villa, le révolutionnaire mexicain. C'est de lui dont il est question. C'était mon grand-père. Homme au grand cœur, décidé, violent parfois, mais juste. Je ne l'ai jamais connu. Il est mort assassiné à Chihuahua en 1923, l'année où je suis né. Ce que j'en sais, je l'ai appris de mon père. Il ne faut pas se fier aux livres d'histoires, parce que ce qu'ils racontent n'est pas toujours juste. Beaucoup s'imaginent que Pancho Villa n'était qu'un voyou, un bandit, mais pour le peuple mexicain de son époque, c'était un libérateur, un sauveur. Il n'avait pas froid aux yeux et il n'avait pas la langue dans sa poche. Bien qu'il se fût considérablement calmé dans ses dernières années, il continuait à être perçu comme un perturbateur, et les libéraux au pouvoir, menés par ce chien de Callès avaient encore peur de lui et surtout de son influence sur la paysannerie. Il faut dire qu'à cette

époque, avoir une opinion politique divergente s'avérait très dangereux. Les hommes politiques tombaient comme des mouches. Que de sang innocent coulé pour rien. Et mon



grand-père fut l'une de ces victimes.

Un soir, après une de ces fiestas à laquelle il avait assisté, Pancho Villa rentrait chez lui, sur son cheval préféré, Diablo Blanco. C'était un cheval arabe magnifique, fort et vite comme l'éclair.

Toujours est-il que cette nuit-là des agents gouvernementaux l'attendaient dans la rue tout près de chez lui. Sans aucun avertissement, ils ouvrirent le feu sur

lui et le criblèrent de leurs balles meurtrières. Le pauvre tint bon quelques heures maistrépassa au levé du soleil. C'est dans cette triste nuit que moi, son petit fils

naquit. Il eut une nouvelle de ma naissance sur son lit de mort et bien qu'il n'eut rien au monde que son cheval et sa selle, il fit promettre à mon père que j'en serais l'héritier. Le cheval mourut avant que j'eusse le temps d'apprendre à monter. Toutefois, il me resta toujours la selle. Tu veux la voir?

Je restai stupéfait du récit que je venais d'entendre et encore plus de la question qui suivit. J'avais devant moi le petit-fils de Pancho Villa et ce dernier voulait

me montrer la selle qui avait appartenu à son grand-père. Je bégayai un oui maladroit et il me demanda de le suivre. Nous sortîmes du restaurant et nous nous dirigeâmes en direction d'une ruelle mal éclairée. Il faut dire que l'alcool absorbé commençait à prendre ses effets et je le suivis en chancelant à droite et à gauche. Nous grimpâmes un vieil escalier de bois et nous nous trouvâmes devant une porte fermée. Il sortit sa clé et nous pénétrâmes à l'intérieur de ce qui devait être son logis. Dans cette nuit de canicule texane je transpirais à la fois à cause de l'humidité mais aussi à cause de ma nervosité. Je croyais rêver, halluciner. Hector alluma la lampe, se tourna vers moi et prononça fièrement: "La voici".

Jamais de ma vie je n'avais vu rien d'aussi beau. Je restai là figé, ébahi... Louis XIV dans toute sa splendeur ne s'était jamais mis les fesses sur quelque chose d'aussi exquis. Je n'en croyais pas mes yeux. Le troussequin (le truc sur lequel on s'assoit) était d'un cuir rouge-vin éclatant et les étriers

eux étaient en argent pur. La qualité de l'artisanat était telle qu'on n'en voyait de ce genre qu'une fois dans sa vie.

Il me regarda et dit: "Comment la trouves-tu?" Je répondis que je n'en avais jamais vu de pareille.

Eh bien! Il ajouta. Elle est à toi. Je te la donne. Je suis vieux, je vais bientôt mourir, je n'ai pas de descendant, pas d'ami non plus. Rien ne me ferait plus plaisir que de te l'offrir.

Je ne sus quoi répondre. J'étais époustoufflé, émerveillé, bafoué.

Il prit la selle, me la tendit et ajouta: "Allons boire un coup à la mémoire de mon grand-père."

C'est exactement ce que nous fîmes. Nous mangeâmes et nous bûmes toute la nuit. Le matin, à l'aéroport d'El Paso, j'étais encore sous l'effet du choc et de la fête. Après plusieurs heures de vol, je me retrouvai à Calgary, tenant près de moi ma selle chérie.

"Jamais les gars ne me croiront."

Caresse d'automne

Par Christiane Monquin

En guise de toile de fond : un ciel bleu éclatant s'étire majestueusement jusqu'à l'horizon, une lumière radieuse inonde la vallée boisée où la monotonie estivale est rompue par des éclats de jaune et de rouge. Le tout rappelle l'intensité fauve tem-pérée par la sérénité de la saison qui s'achève.

Tout au fond du ravin, au bord du sentier, les boutons de rose joufflus, prêts à éclater, se balancent au bout de leur tige fatiguée. L'arôme mielleux de ces fruits se mélange à la fraîche et piquante odeur des épinettes, dégageant un parfum à la fois dynamisant et poussiéreux.

Derrière la broussaille, un ruisseau court, serpente et culbute sur les pierres de son lit; son murmure rappelle les rires cascades des enfants. L'in-domptable insouciant est pour-tant source de paix et de quiétude car ses reflets miroitent et atténuent les humeurs de la vie.

Autour de moi, sur le sentier, les feuilles virevoltent gracieusement; c'est une danse, le ballet

de l'automne. Emportées par la brise qui se fait musique pour mieux les enchanter, ces passagères du vent rappellent les héros éphémères dont on ne sait plus les noms et qui, de leur première croisade, jamais ne reviennent.

Telles les mains endurcies du laboureur qui se font tendresse pour ramasser le blé, le vent tiède et doux soulève ma chevelure. Sa timidité, com-parable à celle de l'amant qui apprivoise son amour, ne lui permet ni de s'emporter ni de tout fracasser sur son passage. Il est suave.

Ce paysage m'enchanté, le soleil et sa chaleur bienveillante m'entourent, me réchauffent; cette léthargie dans laquelle j'avais sombré, est maintenant du passé. Un baiser soufflé, cette chaude lumière me caresse la joue, le front, la main, le corps tout entier. Enveloppée d'une telle sérénité, je suis réconfortée. Je reprends confiance, je suis prête à affronter l'hiver.

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Divers

Je voudrais échanger "le développement de la personne (Psy.Ed 265)" contre "Communications (Psy.Ed 263)". Si intéressé(e), contacter Yvon au 456-2646 ou laisser message dans le casier #303.

Classeur vert, Uof A, oublié dans l'autobus #8 (Low floor bus) contenant des notes de cours très importantes. S.V.P., appeler au 458-2927

Communiqué de presse du French Connection

L'équipe de Soccer CSF/French Connection vous annonce la clôture de sa deuxième année d'activité en cinquième division du **Edmonton Soccer Association**. Les performances des joueurs de cette année ont été très satisfaisantes. Le French Connection a pris la **troisième place** dans la division qui comptait 8 équipes. Cette deuxième année a été un nouveau succès.

Beaucoup de joueurs de l'équipe ont manifesté de l'intérêt à rester dans l'équipe pour démarrer la saison de **soccer intérieur**, cet hiver 94-95. L'équipe s'est inscrite en deuxième division



dans la ligue du L.A.S.A. (Lation-American Soccer Ass.). Les matches se joueront au Centre Kinsmen les samedi après-midi.

Malheureusement, certains joueurs de cet été ne pourront pas jouer cette saison intérieure avec le club. L'équipe a donc besoin de nouveaux joueurs francophones ou francophiles de 17 ans et plus, le plus tôt possible.

Ils peuvent appeler Arnaud D. au 465-8986 pour plus de renseignements.

Pour vos annonces classées, contactez la Presse Active, Annexe, local 1-3. Tel : 465-8782



A la prochaine...

ENTERTAINMENT

Entertainment Editor Giles Alexander Pinto 492-7052

THE ACCIDENTAL ROCK STAR



Mike "Cool" LaRivière

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG LYRICIST: Sara Craig, who performs at the Sidetrack Café Monday, pauses in mid-ramble.

SARA CRAIG
Sidetrack Café
November 7

interview by Dave Johnston

Sara Craig dared herself one night. There was an opportunity to sing on an open stage at a club, and she convinced herself to do it. For many people, this would have been a single thread of a memory but, for her, it was the first step.

"The response was encouraging," Craig says quietly, fiddling with the cuff of her dancer's leotard. Then she laughs a bit.

She should be laughing a lot. In 1991, she released a self-titled EP that immediately drew her attention on campus radio across Canada and respectable sales.

By the time she was prepared to record what was to become *Sweet Exhaust*, several

record companies made Craig offers, which she turned down until Canada's Attic decided to take a chance with her particular brand of seductive pop.

You couldn't compare her accurately to the likes of Sarah McLaughlin or Tori Amos, however, without missing the raw power of her lyrics; Craig can turn the sweetest things into something dark and unholy, such as, "You called me precious, then you called me bitch" and "Bombard me, make me beg for more, pin me down, with your rebel arms." Yet despite all the acclaim she has received for her songwriting, it's still one of the most difficult things for her to do.

"I was horrible when it came to English," Craig explains. "I got Cs constantly. I had a real hang-up about how many ways there were to say stuff. I loved math, because there was one answer. It's not ambiguous.

"But I started writing out of necessity. It's very embarrassing to commit yourself to a lyric. Not so much what other people will think, but whether I can hear it a year from now, thinking why I ever wrote that."

Craig admits the songs on her debut have passed her acid test, especially "Thank You (Very Much)." The single has been greeted warmly by radio and especially MuchMusic, thanks to the computer-driven video directed by Andrew MacNaughtan.

"It was something that we kept coming back to," she says. "It wasn't recorded at the same time as everything else. It was completed and put to the side, but I really liked it and thought it was strong enough to put on the album."

By Craig's own admission, the album is hardly a commercial one. The "awesome power" of campus radio has helped attract

a wide stream of fans to her live shows. (See the CJSR feature on page 12.)

Songs are identifiable but metamorphize into something else in performance, as Craig and her band pull out a wide variety of instruments (including a tuba!) to rattle the audience.

"I can't really speak objectively about the live shows," Craig smiles.

"It's like a huge meal, where you offer up a delicious plate and everyone takes part in eating it. Does that make any sense?"

This is the most interesting thing about Craig. At times she's quiet, then she explodes into a light-hearted ramble about life on the road.

There is a complex weaving of dimensions in this artist, turning the music into an extension of herself, rather than just something she happened upon.

Accidental music?



Sweet Exhaust
SARA CRAIG
Attic



review by Suraiya Rampuri

First off, I would just like to say that I found the CD cover really offensive; Craig looks like she's in heat. I thought the songs

were going to be all about sex and lost love (boring).

The first two songs are pretty much sad excuses for music. The vocals are in agony, like someone stepped on a cat's tail.

The music itself (*sans* vocals) is soothing; the guitar, piano and other digitized stuff all blend together.

On the third track, Sara discovers harmony. All elements come together to make the song, "I Thrive."

This is about lost love. But Craig isn't mushy in her description; she is raw.

Writing is this woman's *forté*.

Her lyrics are actually stream-of-consciousness, free-verse poems. Because Craig writes in this way, she's able to cut right to the essence of an emotion.

She's obsessed with exploring the primal side of humanity; her lyrics are lush—all flesh, sweat, blood and lust.

Craig's musical style is decidedly experimental. (She's kind of like Björk in that sense.) She uses interesting effects, like vocal echoes, to complement her interesting ideas.

By the time I finished listening to this CD, I forgave Craig for those first two songs. The rest of the album is really good for background on those grey days we're all bound to encounter.

The New Blues

When the Sun Goes Down
THE SIDEMEN
Dark Light
(51 Bulwer St. Toronto M5T 1A1)



review by Bruce Stovel

The Sidemen are poised to become headliners.

The second album by this young group of Toronto blues/R & B players showcases their bar-shaking, get-up-and-dance funkiness. Sophisticated beats, catchy lyrics and snappy intros predominate.

All eleven cuts on the album are originals. (Their 1992 debut consisted mainly of covers of blues standards.)

This CD was produced by Joe Louis Walker, who, next to Robert Cray, is probably the biggest name among young blues

performers. Walker met the band when they opened for him in Victoria last year, and was delighted to accept their invitation to produce. In fact, this album replicates the contemporary lyrics and pop/funk appeal of both Cray and Walker.

Walker plays guitar on two cuts, including the one slow tune, "The Woman I Love." The highlight of the CD, it also features the harmonica and vocals of bandleader Paul Reddick and rhythm guitar of Kyle Ferguson (who contributes tasty licks throughout).

Two further cuts showcase fine piano work from onetime Texas session man Mel Brown, now settled in Kitchener, Ontario. Two more feature a steaming, four-person horn section.

The Sidemen have built up a following across Canada in just two years of touring. They play the Sidetrack Café from Thursday to Saturday (November 3 through 5). The first night, they return to being sidemen, opening for Doug & the Slugs.

CHECK IT: a free chamber music recital featuring U of A students (in Alberta College's Muttart Hall on Thursday at 8 pm)

A DECADE OF DEFIANCE

CJSR-FM celebrates ten years of promoting local, alternative music and news



David Williamson

IN THE STACKS: Mike Reid, another happy CJSR volunteer, at work.

Share the Air
CJSR FUN-DRIVE
until November 6

feature by Suraiya Rampuri
It is not easy to find a radio station that works for you; a radio station that plays

fodder for the brainless masses. What's needed is variety and liberal thinking.

Enter campus radio. Many have praised this unusual conglomerate for its bravado in defying the formula which the mainstream swears by: poppy, catchy dance tune plus token "alternative" tune-of-the-week. In go-

The most important thing is that the station continue to promote the underdog, without compromising quality. The prime directive of this enterprising station will always be to give voice to the voiceless and to provide a medium for ideas.

music you can move to, do your homework to and fall asleep with; one that offers fodder for your gray matter—all this at the same time is a rare thing.

And to find one in this city is a formidable challenge. Let's be honest; most of Edmonton's radio offering is putrid silage,

ing against the norm, our campus station CJSR 88.5 FM (101.7 on cable) has earned the devotion of an increasing number of people, both on and off the University of Alberta campus.

Originally, the U of A had CKUA, but they decided to go provincial some 40 years ago,

which proved the moment of conception for CJSR.

The station first broadcast on three different frequencies but, in 1979, then station manager Gary McGowan proposed the station go FM. The proposal was denied.

In the summer of 1980, another attempt was made; an application was forwarded to the federal government for a license, putting CJSR in the fetal stage. After a gestation period of four years, the station as we know it was born, officially broadcasting over FM 88.5 at 12 pm on January 7, 1984.

The station has always endeavored to provide an alternative, although the word is used begrudgingly because of the Seattle-grunge stereotype—the term tends to alienate those that dislike the genre. And alienate is the direct opposite of what the station aspires to do.

CJSR is about consideration, playing music and offering programming unavailable on other Edmonton wavelengths. There is a commitment to respecting the desires of the public, and that is obvious when one looks at their program guide; jazz, blues, soul, funk, house, folk and classical are mixed with topical discussions on the environment, homosexuality, feminism, legal information, politics and human rights—the list really does go on and on. Whatever your interests, there's a show for you; this is fearless programming. (But you can pick up a guide in their SUB offices).

It's fearless in the face of many obstacles CJSR has encountered over ten years.

For example, the station still gets the 'student-run' label slapped on its back, despite its efforts to reach out into the community. CJSR receives less credibility, when more is due.

This can be frustrating and, when you couple the lack of acknowledgment with the apathy and indifference the station has come up against, you can see how their achievements are pretty impressive.

CJSR has managed to increase its broadcasting power to blanket the entire city, digitize their equipment, maintain a balanced budget (hear that, Ralph?) and expand program variety; all of which have contributed to an increase in listenership.

And, this year, the station sponsored movies like *Exotica* (along with the *Gateway*) and, this past summer, they co-sponsored the Folk Festival.

In February, the station will host the annual National Campus Radio Conference.

After conversations with people who form the backbone of CJSR, one thing is evident: the most important thing is that the station continue to promote the underdog, without compromising quality. The prime directive of this enterprising station will always be to give voice to the voiceless and to provide a medium for ideas.

But, in order for it to continue, CJSR needs capital; if you've tuned into FM 88 lately, you've probably heard some DJ mention the Fun-Drive.

To counter the 'what's-in-it-for-me?' attitude, the station is giving away tapes, CDs, movie passes, a snowboard and even a mountain bike! As if that's not enough, a minimum \$10 donation gets you a Friends of CJSR membership, which means discounts of up to 20 per cent in funky stores and restaurants all over the city. (You also receive a newsletter informing you of the major earthquakes shaking the station.)

The Fun-Drive is vital to the existence of CJSR as a non-profit organization.

Basically, the future holds more of the same unique programming. Greatness and popularity is not what people at CJSR want; they simply want to continue bringing their listeners a competitive alternative to the aforementioned silage, with few compromises.

It's this kind of integrity that will make CJSR last.

And that bodes well for listeners.

FRIDAYS

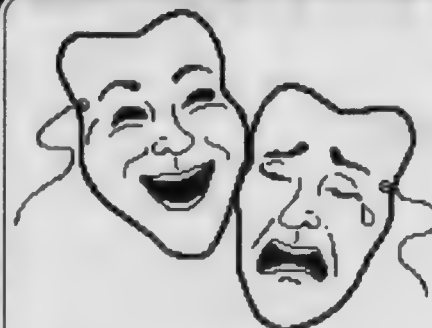
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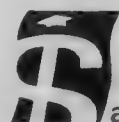
Student Financing and Your Future

- ☒ Confused about how repayment, remission, and income sensitive will work under the Alberta Government's new loan agreement with CIBC?
- ☒ Heard the term Income Contingent Repayment but want to know more?
- ☒ Wonder how Axworthy's discussion paper may affect student funding and the University of Alberta?

Have these and your own questions answered by the following presenters:

Fred Hemmingway, CEO of Alta. Students Finance Board
Allen Bennett/Marlo Yasinski, CIBC representatives
Alice Nakamura, U of A Business Professor and member of the Ministerial Task Force on Social Security Reform
Karen Wichuk, Graduate Student, proponent of Income Contingent Repayment Plans.

Tuesday, November 15, from 4 pm - 6 pm in
Dinwoodie Lounge, 2nd floor SUB



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THE WITCHING HOUR Loreena McKennitt charmed Jube

LOREENA MCKENNITT
 Jubilee Auditorium
 All Hallow's Eve

review by Susan Koles

What could be more appropriate than to attend a Loreena McKennitt concert on Halloween night?

"She looks like a witch," said one of my friends. I've always thought of her more as an ethereal sprite, a romantic figure more comfortable strolling along the cliffs of eighteenth-century England than modern Canada.

Perhaps, though, the witch metaphor is more suitable, for it was certainly witchcraft McKennitt performed on Monday night, as she captivated a sold out audience with a spell-binding performance.

The lights dimmed and the enchantress (with her trademark strawberry hair) took the stage. It lit with multiple candelabras highlighting the medieval tapestries behind the performers, as McKennitt launched into a Spanish-flavoured Celtic tune.

Half an hour in, she paused to welcome the audience, an eclectic mix of costumed revellers, adolescents, middle-aged couples and stodgy English professors. (People, essentially, looking for something a little more spiritually fulfilling and cerebrally enticing than the commercial dribble of so much pop music.)

"Good evening and happy new year," said McKennitt, before she introduced the members of her entourage as "idling porches and bags of wits."

Throughout the performance, her hauntingly angelic vocals were complemented by her virtuosic accompanists: Rick Lazar (on the congas), bassist Steve Lucas (who doubled on acoustic guitar) and keyboardist Donald Quan (also on viola and percussion). Hugh Marsh (on fiddle) and Brian Hugh (on guitar) added particular depth and density to McKennitt's textured voice.

She foregrounded her deep musical abil-



Ann Cutting

The enchantress in meditation.

ity by alternating between electronic keyboards, Celtic harp, accordion and piano.

At the same time, McKennitt recounted her journeys through Europe, tracing the history of the Celts, "a vast collection of East European tribes, who, in 500 B.C., migrated into areas all across Europe and into North Africa with a great deal of encouragement from the Romans."

For the most part, McKennitt concentrated on her most recent album, *The Mask & the Mirror*, which traces the forays of the Celts into Spain.

She did, however, venture into some of her earlier recordings, successfully weaving a field recording of a Dublin storyteller into "Dickens' Dublin Pub" (a cut from 1989); this considerably enhanced the song's theme on the plight of the homeless.

McKennitt also offered a particularly magical rendition of "Greensleeves" (off 1991's *The Visit*).

She ended her performance with an enchanting "Cole's notes version" of "The Lady of Shallot" and a stirring rendition of "All Soul's Night," both receiving a standing ovation. Then McKennitt returned for two encores.

"We love you," shouted someone in the audience. Indeed.

The Lunch Hour Simon B. Cotter charmed Food Court

SIMON B. COTTER
 SUB Stage
 November 2

review by Nathan Fairbairn

Simon B. Cotter is the funniest man on the face of the entire freakin' planet. His appearance on SUB Stage was greeted by thousands of screaming students and die hard

joint and gave up the prescribed response: laughter...chuckles...guffaws...giggles...puke (umm, forget that last one).

Simon B. Cotter was born at a very young age somewhere in Jamaica where he probably wasn't as funny as he is now. He moved to Canada because he couldn't sing reggae and he loved John Candy.

He became a comedian in 1986 (after a

Simon B. Cotter is the funniest man on the face of the entire freakin' planet.

Slik Toxic fans. Guts were bursting, sides were splitting and intestines were spilling gratuitously upon the floor as the *sexiest man alive* made funny.

Okay, so maybe I'm making this stuff up. Actually, nobody seemed to notice that he was there and he really wasn't all that funny. Come to think of it, he sort of sucked. (I'm still lying.)

If you must know, the truth lies somewhere inbetween. Eventually, the crowd realized there was an actual comedian in the

freak accident) and has been on TV a whole big bunch (HBO showcase, A&E and lots more that will not fit into this puny article). He came in sixth in the San Francisco International Comedy Competition, and will have a special on CBC in early June called *Simon B. Cotter: The Wedding Album Video*.

We can thank the Students' Union and Jos Louis chocolate bars for his presence. In short, Simon B. Cotter is a really funny guy, who did not make anybody puke—and he gave out treats!

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 cool.

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 2. Come to party at no later than 8 pm on November 18.

THE FAB GALLERY ON TWO LEVELS

Absolute Proximity by YAM LAU
Three Inches to One Metre
 by LISA MURRAY
 FAB Gallery
 until November 6

review by Ryan Whyte

The modernist tradition in painting is a comforting one, where the surface of the painting is not a window into an illusionistic world, but strictly a surface; paint only stands as paint. The highest of modernism's tasks is the quest for a religious absolute, completely pure and apart from the world and the viewer.

Painter Yam Lau, in his exhibit *Absolute Proximity*, adds to modern tools, critiquing, expanding and celebrating them.

"The Face," Lau's first concept group, features two rows of face-sized, rectangular boxes. Some are mirrors upon which coloured stripes have been painted, while others are coated with a skin-like wax embedded, at varying depths, with confetti dots. By the tool of the mirror, the viewer, normally excluded from a modern work, is here (literally) included.

The second group, "The Mirror," not only includes the viewer, but his/her space as

well. Four body-sized rectangles (red, yellow, blue and grey) hang column-like, their mottled silver central stripes otherworldly intercessors, suggesting another unfolding

scrawled, printmaker style, on the border, as if to remind the artist which piece these squares belong to.)

The artist's written statement seems a stronger conceptual piece than the works themselves, which act as mere illustrations of his ideas.

Perhaps the scale is wrong; we are used to modernism's overpowering space. (A Barnett Newman painting looks merely diagrammatic on TV, but in the flesh its fifteen feet of modernist purity overwhelm.)

Two larger, mirrorless rectangles head in this direction, one an aching, scraped blue, the other a congealing yellow. It's completely modern, save for the deep, elegant frames which ground the piece in this world; the frames overcome the diagram, embody rather than illustrate and give the viewer fuel to savour Lau's very good conceptual twists.

Upstairs, Lisa Murray's worldlier prints welcome on an intimate level. Her exhibit's

title, *From Three Inches to One Metre*, refers to the journey it takes the viewer on (and the scale change on a map).

The journey's tools are given in "The Apparatus Suite," where mechanical/sensory/human/plant-like forms fill the blankness of these lovely, conservative prints.

Similar, but seductively smaller, is "The Navigation Series," a seeming narrative of animated map forms.

The lack of focus in Murray's exhibit initially irritated me. In one piece, a mechanical brain sits across from Mount Vesuvius, and a comical bean with cartoon tubers faces the cut-paper shapes of the mysterious "Carusel Fields."

Still, viewed as a Joycean multiplicity of creation (these scenes could be cut from James Joyce's *Ulysses*), the images begin to work. Next time, show us more.



The FAB Gallery, metamorphosed.

Tim Hill

space.

In "The Book," paint stands for, or obscures, text; words are pushed out, garbled, landing senselessly on the squares' edges, or on the frame itself. (The word 'Book' is

From PE teacher to darling of ballet

Lifted by Love
 by ALBERTA BALLET
 Jubilee Auditorium
 November 4-5

interview by Patrick Fowlow

Peter Pucci, arguably the best choreographer in dance today, has come to our fair burg to join with Alberta Ballet in putting on *Lifted by Love*, a modern dance piece to the music of k.d. lang.

By all means, this is a coup for our city. Pucci had many offers coming to him after the success of "Willing and Able," his contri-

bution to the much lauded *Billboards* (a ballet to Prince's music). This is a welcome chance for us to bask in the international spotlight—even MuchMusic is coming.

While it doesn't heal the wound of losing \$85,000 from the Alberta Ballet's budget this year (they had to cancel a world tour), it's a welcome salve.

Pucci in person comes across like the Phys Ed teacher he was planning to be when he was growing up. He fell into dance because he was required to take a course in university. His instructor allowed room for improvisation and this captured Pucci's interest.

Over the past few years, his reputation as a gifted dancer/choreographer has grown with each successive show. He's the darling of the dance community, bringing in new audiences and still keeping the old crowd. (He even appeared in the August edition of GQ in a photo layout!)

Rumour had it that lang would perform with this group; Pucci assured me it wasn't true. (She's in Vancouver, working on a new album.)

He feels his work should be good enough to move any audience emotionally, regardless of age, sex or knowledge of dance.

In fact, reaching a new audience is his goal. He feels many people are afraid of modern dance because of its stereotypes. You need not be educated about form or style to enjoy dance—any more than you need to know how cameras or editing work to enjoy a film. Pucci thinks it will take another 100 years for the stereotype to dissipate.

Take a chance on dance; expand your horizons, go to the show this weekend. (Students can get in for \$22.50.)

Edmonton has a chance to get a name for itself as a cutting edge cultural centre with more than hockey and the mall. Or, it has a chance to be known as the black hole where Pucci did his show instead of New York.



Mike LaRivière

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SPORTS

Sports Editors Allison Boychuk & Peter K. Pachal 492-5068

Bears assume attack formation

by Allison Boychuk

Now, a chance to gain ground in the standings. The University of Alberta Golden Bears are in fourth place (3-2-1) in the CWUAA standings but are only two points out of first place. The Bears will attempt to put the Manitoba Bisons into extinction this weekend at Clare Drake arena.

"There has been a lot of turnover for both players and coaches in this

**U of A Golden Bears
host
Manitoba Bisons**

**Clare Drake Arena
Friday, November 4
Saturday, November 5
7:30 pm both days**

league," said Bears' forward Barclay Pearce. "There's been a lot of changes so any team's got a shot [at winning]. Any team is beatable by anybody any night; whoever is at the top of their game is going to win the games."

Yes, consistency is a key factor in this league where one moment you can be in first place and two games later, fall back into the dungeon.

"With fourth place it's good and it's bad. We're not at the bottom of the pack; we're not at the top. We definitely have room to improve. It does show how we played but doesn't show how we can play," philosophised defensive specialist Trevor Sherban.

The Bears know that they have to improve on certain aspects of their game to be successful. One of them is defense.

Barclay Pearce is certain his team



Michael Tiberius LaRivière

The Bears' Daryn Krywko (#3) gives the Brandon Bobcats goalie a quick shower as areward for stopping his shot as the "tough guy" Bobcats' defence looks on in awe.

has got what it takes.

"Every game we've played so far, we can always get better in our own end."

Traditionally, the Golden Bears have always played sound, defensive hockey. A question mark has been hanging over the heads of this year's squad as to whether or not they can fulfill the legacy.

"Something this team has been the best at is they have been the best defensive hockey team," said Pearce. "I think this year right now we are not one of the best ones in the league and that's something we

still have to improve on."

Last weekend they were up by two goals but ended up losing the game due to costly mistakes.

"At home we never want to lose, we always want to do our best. We want teams to know that when they come out to play Alberta, it's going to be hard to take any points away from us in our own rink."

—Barclay Pearce

"That was the thing; once we got up, if we tighten up defensively and play tough in our own end, they're not going to get any of the easy goals. They [Lethbridge]

ended being able to walk around in our end and we made some bad giveaways as well," said Pearce.

Offensively, the Bears are doing

just fine. There was some scepticism at the beginning of the season as to how the Alberta team would cope with the absence of all-star scoring machine Todd Goodwin. The goals

have been going in, though, from a number of hands. For example, last weekend in the win against Lethbridge, the bulk of the scoring came from the defense.

"Most of our goals and points came from defensemen and our third line, so we had everyone firing," noted Sherban. "Our first couple lines did well grinding and checking. It was a whole team effort."

So far there is an equitable distribution of scoring on the Golden Bears and this has been prevalent in the six games they have completed so far.

Alberta has scored 26 goals and 41 assists as a team for a total of 67 points. The University of British Columbia and University of Manitoba have a team total of 69 points.

This weekend's opponents, the Manitoba Bisons, are currently in sixth place with a 3-3-0 record.

"They're going to be tough, they beat us in pre-season. They have a strong team, so they're not going to be easy," explained Pearce. "Every weekend is big, the league is so tight now. If we come out and play solid hockey we should be alright."

No game is ever easy. The Bears know what they have to do in order to be successful.

"At home we never want to lose, we always want to do our best. We want teams to know that when they come out to play Alberta, it's going to be hard to take any points away from us in our own rink," said Pearce. "It is a really important weekend. We need four points to stay up in the race."

The games are scheduled for Friday, November 4 and Saturday, November 5 at 7:30 in Clare Drake arena.

Final stretch on the road to Nationals

The rematch of the century will be Sunday afternoon's main event

by Simon Kiss

The Golden Bears soccer team will get one more chance to beat the University of British Columbia Thunderbirds this Sunday afternoon in Vancouver. The winner of this match will take home the Canada West division championship, something UBC has done for the last several years.

The Bears shed into this game with a 7-1-2 regular season record. Their only loss was a 1-0 heartbreaker against the Thunderbirds. Last weekend, however, the Bears did manage to tie UBC 3-3. The T-Birds managed to come back from a 3-1 deficit and tie the game. "That game in at UBC was a real confidence booster," commented rookie goalie Glenn Gehlert, who compiled the second best goals against average in the Canada West conference. "I think we're capable of winning this one," he added.

That confidence is echoed by head coach Len Vickery. He alluded to the strong record the team has compiled over the regular season to indicate just how capable his team

is. "The last game we lost is a distant memory. The players expect nothing less than a win."

The key to winning this game is, according to Vickery, "we need strong performances from the veterans—Jason Bougher, Curtis Vos, Ricardo Zenari, Mateo Saccomano and Nick Culo. So far they have had outstanding seasons."

"The last game we lost is a distant memory. The players expect nothing less than a win."

—Len Vickery

Having let in three goals in the last game, the T-Birds will likely try to improve on their defensive play, while Vickery wants his squad to do the same. Their last game put pressure on the defence and goals were scored, a marked difference from the less aggressive style Coach Vickery implemented. "Giving them too much respect and sitting back is not how we should have been playing. We tried last game to

be more aggressive and it worked in spades," Vickery explained. The Bears' attack will be slightly hampered as forward Alex Appah, with four goals, was red-carded in the last game against Victoria. That means Appah will have to sit out the next match with the T-Birds. Coach Vickery feels this loss will not detract from the team's overall performance because of Doug Holloway, another talented forward.

In terms of improving their game, the Bears are only planning to work on the defensive aspect of the game to try to prevent another comeback as in the last game.

The only difference the team sees between this weekend's game and the one on October 29 is that the Bears have to train inside for this one because of the weather. The team is training inside the pavillion in order to prepare for the match.

Although the team is very confident going into this weekend, all are expecting a tough fight and a chance to probe the opposition's weaknesses before heading to the finals November 10 to 13.



Mike LaRivière

Bears' #10 Riccardo Zenari eliminates a foolish T-Bird

A year of ups, downs and defeat

Field Hockey Pandas denied access to the post-season action

by Trevor Lott
They laughed, they cried, they gave the other teams scars.

The season is over for the University of Alberta field hockey team. In the short three month period that saw some thrills and some blood-letting spills, a less than victorious CWUAA record of 3-4-5 turned the final page on the 1994 season.

The season began in Edmonton, in early September, when the Pandas hosted an invitational tournament. The highlight for the Pandas occurred when they defeated the presently number one ranked York University team, 2-1. That weekend proved to be the only time the Pandas would come out on

the plus side of the win-loss ratio.

"We didn't go downhill," explained first year player BJ Steadward, recapitulating the season. "We just had tough breaks. We would work so hard to get the ball in scoring distance but we would get a call against us."

The regular season began in Calgary where a template was apparently made for the rest of the season in which the Pandas would consistently defeat the Bisons of Manitoba and find themselves winless against the University of Calgary, the University of Victoria, or UBC coming away with a tie or a loss. However, the points were mixed and matched. The story was the same after each tournament; the

Pandas were losing ground on a playoff spot.

The Pandas eventually finished in fifth place, six points behind second place UBC, for the last playoff spot.

"We did everything well, and when it came time to put the ball into the net we just couldn't do it to get the wins that we needed."

—BJ Steadward, Pandas defender

Di Kucharski, a fourth year Education student and the Despot of Doom, found the final stretch of the season to be a frustrating and

untimely experience.

"We improved every tournament," stated the Despot. "We played really well and the last tournament [Vancouver] was our best. Unfortunately the season isn't a little bit longer because I think we just started to pull everything together."

Teammate BJ Steadward also thought there were some positive aspects to the team's performance.

"We did everything well, and when it came time to put the ball into the net we just couldn't do it to get the wins that we needed," disclosed Steadward.

The Purveyor of Carnage, team Captain Carla Sommerville, capped off another great year with a place

on the first team all Canadian. The CIAU national all-star honour was in addition to being named, along with fellow Panda Chris Hunter, to the CWUAA all-star team.

So ended a season that began with big expectations and culminated with big efforts; however, it was not enough and the Pandas now find themselves waiting for indoor hockey in January.

From the seventh floor of SUB, field hockey critic Red Fenske comments on the pain of losing.

"I lived and died with those players damn it! No one feels for them more than I do but I told those 'chicks with sticks' that with a little tap on the knee cap they could defeat anyone."

Baker's Pandas have Trix up their sleeve

by Peter K. Pachal

The time for preparation is almost over and the University of Alberta Pandas basketball team is entering its last rehearsal before opening night.

The Pandas will be competing in their last pre-season games this weekend at the University of Manitoba tournament in Winnipeg. The event is the fifth pre-season effort the team has taken part in. Until now, the Pandas have displayed a less-than-desirable 4-5-0 record, after playing Grand Prairie, the Pandas alumni, and various others throughout the Laurentian Classic and Hoopfest tournaments. Canada West action

doesn't start for another week, however, and head coach Trix Baker is eagerly awaiting the finish of the preliminaries.

"I've been really happy with the pre-season," related Baker. "We've had opportunities to work on some things. Last weekend we got a chance to play Queen's. They were a good team, really big, so they gave us an opportunity to play against some size."

Despite their pre-season record, Baker is pleased with her team.

"It depends on how you measure success," said Baker. "If you only measure success on the scoreboard, you're in big trouble."

And the Pandas have made noise

in other areas besides just winning games. Forward Nadine Traptow has shone during the pre-season, adding up points faster than anyone. Guards Kristin Johns and Krista Johnstone have impressed with their totals and forward Rania Burns was a tournament all-star during Hoopfest.

"We've really worked through some things and we're seeing the girls reduce the number of mistakes that they're making," said Baker. "We're starting to understand the flow of the game a little better—when to slow it down and when to speed it up."

The Pandas will face the Lakehead Nor'Westers for the

second time during the Winnipeg tournament. Their first matchup was at the Laurentian Classic, which saw the Pandas win 93-84. Baker is interested to see how they'll fare against them now. "It's a key for us to see how we're going to react to playing the same team again."

One of the hurdles the Pandas must overcome in order to stay competitive is their slow starts. So far, almost all of their games have begun with them behind on the scoreboard, Sunday's game being a classic example as the Pandas were down ten points before they registered a basket.

"We obviously want to get more

consistent effort all the time from people," said Baker. "But what we're getting is some pretty brilliant performances—just some of the time."

The first CWUAA team the Pandas face in the regular season are the University of British Columbia Thunderbirds, the following weekend in Vancouver where, by the way, the CIAU soccer nationals will be played at the same time. Start saving plane fare now.

NUTHIN' BUT NET:

Point guard Kristy Wiebe will rejoin the team this weekend after coming off of an ankle injury. She's gonna score 200 points this weekend.

ear • ly

adv., a., -lier, -liet

near the beginning; before the usual time

see: snow, buses, exams, santa claus,
mondays, rent, hair loss

see also: the 1995 U of A Intercession draft timetable

It's early this year! On November 8th the draft timetable of the U of A Intercession arrives. (Just ahead of Santa) You'll find a copy posted outside the Special Sessions' office. Copies will be distributed to the faculties and departments participating in Intercession '95.

Drop by and check out the 1995 draft timetable. Each year the U of A Intercession offers over 700 courses from some 50 Departments. Be it spring, summer, afternoon or evening, the U of A Intercession has the right time for you.

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University of Alberta

Go Before It's over

by Yung Luu

What are you doing this Thursday and Friday night? Studying for all those important mid-terms? Starting a 15 page paper that is due in a week? Making pizzas in a national pizza restaurant? Writing an article for the *Gateway* that's due on Monday? Well, that's what I'm supposed to do. But I'm not. I'm gonna have some fun. I'm going to the GBI (not Disneyland). That's the Golden Bears Invitational, not the Great Big Igloo.

Don't tell me you've never heard of it. You must have seen the ads on the back of buses. Or the yellow posters tacked over all the walls on campus. The ones with the basketballs on them. No, not Hoopfest, the GBI!

Enough of that. There are going to be many teams from all over this glorious country of ours congregating in the Main Gym this weekend. The team from cowtown is going to be there. So are Sask-at-chew-an, beautiful British Columbia, and Simon (says) Fraser University. There are others, but I can't think of any stupid names for them.

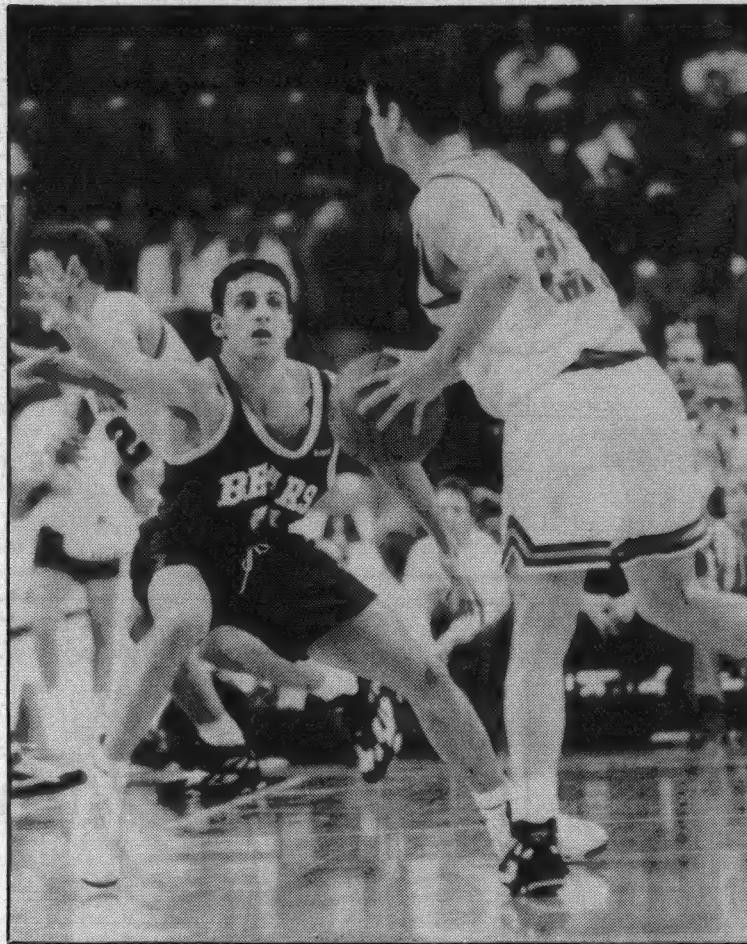
Games start at 2, 4, 6:30, and 8:30. Alberta plays on Thursday and Friday night at 8:30.

The Bears have kept themselves busy since their trip to Argentina. Last weekend they went down east to play against McMaster, Guelph and Brock and the tournament was a real eye opener for them. They lost to Brock and McMaster. As a consolation, though, they did beat Guelph by 30 points.

"Our guys just didn't work hard enough, basically. They just didn't work on defence," reflected head coach Don Horwood on the weekend's games. "I think it was a good wake up call for us. Most of the teams that play this year are going to be pretty excited. They're going to play well and play hard and if we don't do the same we're going to lose."

The Bears will have to improve their defence instead of just focusing on offence as they did this weekend. That means stopping the other team first, scoring second.

Back to the GBI. Their first game



Gateway Archive

Sorry, pal. You're not gettin' by the Tally Sweiss (#11).

is against Laurentian University which is going to be a tough team.

"They're going to come in here fired up because first, they're a good team, and second, their coach is going to tell them, 'Look, the reason why Alberta is playing you is because they think you're the weakest team,'" said Horwood.

Yeah, that would get me pretty mad too. But Horwood has told his Bears that they "are going to have to take every team seriously." That means Laurentian, too. It will be interesting to see these two battle it out. One side mad, the other trying not to laugh. I'll tell you about it on Tuesday.

So go to the GBI this weekend. Here's some reasons why: A) It'll be a great opportunity to watch guys sweat over something. B) "Go

BearsGo" isn't as hard to remember as Genetics 197. C) No thinking involved. D) You can see how short I look when I'm interviewing Scott Martell.

It's interesting that it snowed just a few days before the tournament. Is that a sign that Alberta will smother everyone else? Or are they going to fall from the sky? Or do they just have dandruff?

I leave you with this thought from coach Horwood.

"We just can't afford to think that we're good enough to beat people without working hard."

Den Scraps

That's right folks, the votes have been counted, the results are in and the CWUAA All-Stars are now official. Terra Tailleux was not among them, but she's an All-Star in my book.

AND THE WINNER IS...

Football:

Alberta has seven representatives on the All-Star team. They are:

Scott Staples, Centre
Jay Hamilton, Running Back
Steve Dallison, Defensive End
Peter White, Linebacker
Mike Hogan, Cornerback
Ian Hiltz, Halfback
Scott McKenzie, Punter

Mens Soccer:

Alberta has four representatives on the All-Star team. They are:

Curtis Vos, Fullback
Riccardo Zenari, Midfielder
Daniel Falcone, Midfielder
Pedro Carriel, Forward

Daniel Falcone was also named rookie of the year. Curtis Vos was an All-Star in 1992 and Riccardo Zenari has been an All-Star every year since 1990, which was the year he was named the U of A rookie of the year. Zenari was a CIAU first team All-Canadian in 1990, 1992, and 1993 and a second team All-Canadian in 1991. He also won the UMBRO MVP award in 1992.

Womens Soccer:

Alberta has three representatives on the All-Star team. They are:

Helen Harries, Fullback
Heather Murray, Midfielder
Shannon Rosenow, Forward

Helen Harries was an All-Star in 1993. Heather Murray was the U of A rookie of the year in 1993. Shannon Rosenow was an All-Star in 1990, 1991 and 1992 as well. Rosenow also made CIAU second team All-Canadian in 1992. And she's really cute, too. I guess there was no way I could have said that without sounding like a jerk.

INSANITY

Can you spot Beeman? Check out page eight. Oh, yeah, and come to the Sports meeting on Friday at 2 pm. BEER!

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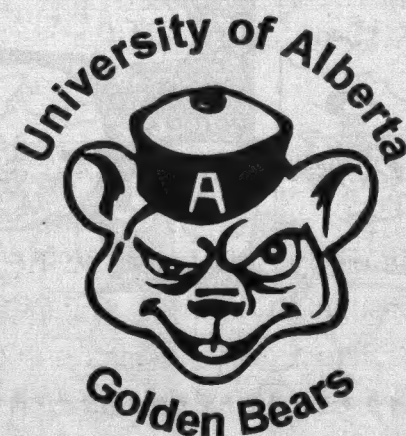
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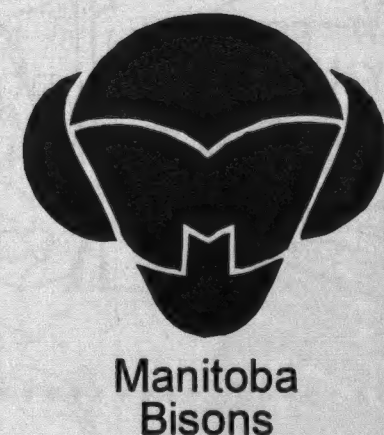
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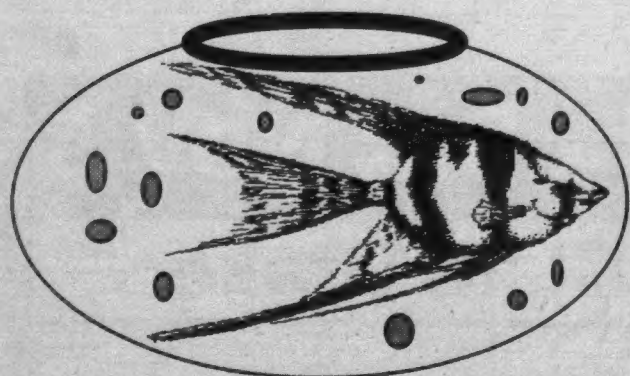
Fri Nov 4 & Sat Nov 5

7:30pm Clare Drake

Tickets available at the Dept. of Athletics or at the Door. U of A Students \$4

COMICS

Managing Editor Tami Friesen 492-5178



Time to play name that crustacean! Or is it time to go home and sleep? Either way, the MASSIVE Gateway party is going to be on November 18th. Place and time to follow. And, don't worry, we won't be playing lame games. We'll leave that to SORSE. Fish'll be there. Yeah.

Banished to the Bootroom



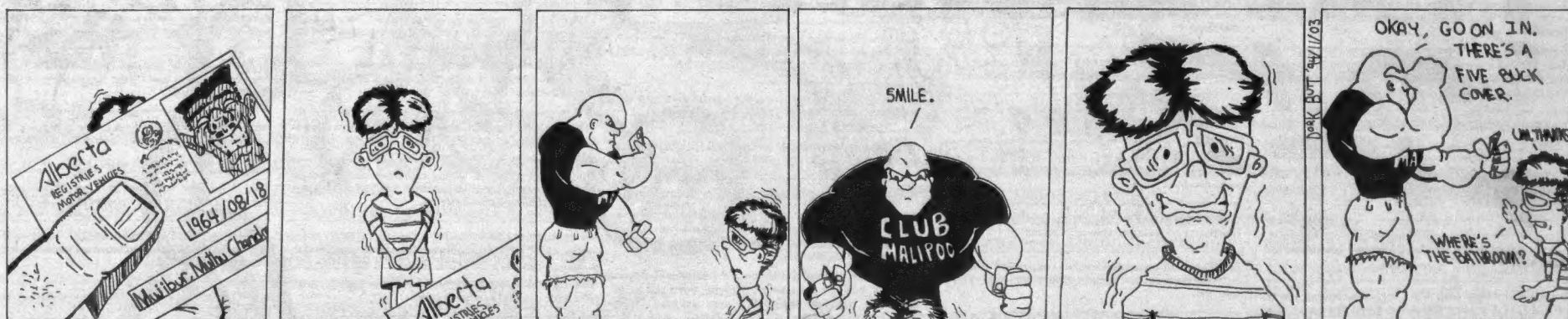
Space Moose



Asparagus



Porky



Campus Ninja



The Infinity Squadron



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Advertising Manager Marilyn King 492-4241

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Walk the River Valley - Ashbury Place. Hardwood available. Studio from \$35.00, 1 bdrm. \$375. Special student move in allowance. Furnished available. 429-0898.

Mr. Track (yellow shirt) - Polish Hall, Saturday - you're beautiful. -Mystery Woman.

Hukan, the sexy Swedish student I met at the U/A Ski Team party, Sat. Oct. 29. "I want you." Shall we warm each other again? -The Red Cape

Chez Pierre, I scored! No, not that way! Love ya, not that way either! -Spinout.

Tommy beautiful Mr. Wholesome - Good thing Matel makes "travel" twister for the back seat of my car. P.S. I'll bring the lube (spit) - OC Boy.

Little wing, Walk down my aisle. -Fish

"Daddy, I want to grow up to be as cool as GUBA" - overheard at Bears football game.

Congratulations and Happy B-day Berta. Better late than never. We'll have you due southwest soon. You're the best! Guess who?

Den: I have the name of M. I'm U. The ring I sweat my big enough to be almost naked. I know what your papyrifer is. Do you? -Joanne R.

260. Busy Fri. afternoons. Just ask to me. Bus is getting tiresome.

To the tall brown-eyed brunette in Econ. 383, A3. I'd like to get to know you. From tall guy with brown, slightly greying hair.

Danny R. There's just something about you. Maybe it's your bod, maybe it's your smile, maybe you're just hot. Hint, hint. See ya.

Bones - Your very own TLF. This now makes you an official U of A student! Thinking of you always - Linda-Lou!

B.T. - You've just got to show me that special technique you've developed. -B.C.

Euwan - Met U @ 2. Tues. Oct. 25 in trail. U've sparked my interest and I'd like the chance to get to know U better, coffee maybe? Answer here if I don't see U in trail sooner.

Read Mr. Severed Head. It's a cut above the rest. From

LOST

Lost a gold watch at Dinwoodie Fri. Oct. 28 at 54-40. Sentimental value. If found please call Jessica at 482-3656.

Found: Man's watch at Dinwoodie Oct. 28, at 54-40. Call Jordan 464-2779

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Tim K. - Write back for next Tues! See you in 201. -Big Bro.

K.C.: Tomorrow night the moon will shine bright, and I will love you with all my might, just promise me one thing: you won't bite too hard. -Love U, J-Bear.

Michelle - I love you, drive safe and go to bed early! - Stu.

M. in Eng 105, T&R, 2-3:20 - Tues. U wore an orange sweater. I think U're beautiful. Can we date? If so, stop me B 4 I leave class; if not, never mind. I'm. -Outspoken.

Brunette, brown sweater, white shirt, jeans, blk. backpack & walkman (M12-12:45, 2-2:45, M-140 lounge) - I love the way you saunter into a room. -A guy.

Greg H.: I hope I caught your attention with my TLF last week. I'll give you one clue: Like you, I am GREEK! (Keep watchin').

W. - It's been a while. I'm back from South America. I've missed you. Let's get together again. -Luv Isabe.

S.S. - I'm having fun without your footnotes! -Yvonne R.

M. - Anna - Where have you ridden off to? Used to park bike on fence @ Rutherford House (NHUB). I miss spying on you. -Miss Ritchie.

Corina - 4th year Ed. You are the girl of my dreams. When do I get a second chance? Call me.

Sean Z. - Read your interview, was impressed. Congrats on your success. Best luck in future. -S. -P.S. You're cute, too.

Gina C. - What the hell did you have for lunch yesterday, cottage cheese?

Evil One - How's a jacuzzi built for two - EVIL RULES!

Singing Bird: I've been waiting 4 U 42 years, and am glad 2 say you've been worth the wait. 1 month down...let's make it many more 2 go. -Me.

Happy 24th birthday Evelyn! Be warned...Teri.

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N. - Let me test my willpower in the backseat of my car. Friday! -Love J.

L.G. - I don't want to go to Europe, but I will if I find a big rock there.

Hey, Smarties Girl who needs energy for Micro exam: solve your problems, give me a nice guy a chance.

Cap'n Jack - "Shoot and Kill" on Saturday. R U free for a few minutes to pick time and place. -The Doctor.

Blue Eyes: Thank you for your strong emotion, even in the face of puking. I love you and miss you.

To Brille Cream Boy - a little dab'll do ya, no need for a whole jar.

K.S. - We will get you out for an entire night one of these years. Why? 'Cause we've got to, mister!

Julie from Physics, we were supposed to meet on Oct. 31. I was shy and didn't get to the point, but I would have loved to have been with you. -Jeff.

Let's have some fun, let's rub cantaloupe all over our faces sometime soon! Happy 4th.

O.K. - I'm a nerd. Can be used for something other than "nerd" status. -Mr. Whodunnit.

Teresa, you Fantabulous babe. You rock R. Rule. -Luv

Happy 20th B-Day Robbi! Smile, but don't stick your tongue out unless you're going to shore. Somethin' to eat, anyway! XO XO Dillo, Silly.

Flattered, I cannot describe myself here, but a picture is 1000 words. This time, U pick date, time, and place. I'll be there. Foto.

Clleen - Maybe if you ate your sandwiches like a normal primate, your bowels wouldn't talk.

ELL-BEE - Have you gotten any proposals this week? I'm up to 5, including Brain Surgeon and Purple Concord. - Keeping Tabs.

Melanoma - Just called to say HAY! Requested a seat

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away from the blinds on Sat. to prevent further mishap. - Sisters of Charity.

mst: Here's to Friday - drinkin' cups and Tequila! Oh yes! - Vern.

Glad ya didn't bite it, Mike. Love ya! Tamara

Corrine: CL 342. Beautiful & Mysterious - what I think of you. May the force be with U. - "X"

Which 260 are you referring to? - Eye on Hopeful.

Hi, I'm the potato salad! - Love 1/2a Strawberry.

Dantastic - Are we ready to rock? - Smith

CAW - When it comes my time to die, I'll ask to be a friend. -Wahne come! - Luv alwa, Lizzy.

Dimples (aka Antelope) - What's w/ Sun, night? Don't get it, but I refuse to become confused. Just tell me what you mean. -Wahne come!

La Jolla continues el 5 - the number 1 is an absolute quibermmental.

Who loves hot, Poodle. Could I see me? Are you willing to find out? -D.

simples - Sorry about all the confusion lately. You do know what confusion is - means does it? But if you ask me, constant chaos is fun. -Deer.

To (sometimes) blue-capped chick in in Psyc 258 - ...SSS...HOT! HOT! HOT! There, I've said it. -Smilesalot.

Hot Boy was outside your house and you slept. Now all you have is a bump on your head.

The time of Sigma Rho fast approaches. Prepare!

Hi, maybe you're new to campus. It's called the library and it's a quiet place you can go to study. Fuckers.

So Rob, did you get any play Saturday night?!

D: The snow has fallen and my bed is call'n. Come keep me warm. -F.K.

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Jennifer - I love you! - Ken.

G.F. is a flaming toyboy of the S and M society.

To Michelle, interviewee in SUB. If there is anything I can do for you, come by the Gateway office anytime.

Laura b. - Thanks for flying with Air Dagmar - now with 12 flights to Asia! Watch out for painted red-heads with silver tongues. -Love, Special K.

J.E.S. - and you're 180 times sweeter than Aspartame. I love you. - Your bashful admirer.

To Steve S. - I'm hungry, but not for food!

To David, the object of my affection... you are my blue flower and I'm thinking of you always. - Angela.

My love - You are going to do wonderful things! Remember, I love you & support all that you do. Soon, we will sit back & enjoy. - Always, your kitten.

Knight in shining armor - Thank you once again for rescuing my chick and I from the parking lot on 50th. - Counsel in Dress.

Ania - Can't breathe so heavy, you're fogging up the car windows. Hold your breath next time, it feels better that way.

P.K. - I love my legs just as long as you don't add something different from another set. - D.

To the blonde chick with the pony-tail, third row from the front in Psyc 258. Do you have any idea how much you annoy the rest of the class?

A. - You should know better than to challenge me. I live to fight.

Beautiful Syn - Come! Fair, gorgeous, lovely, pretty. eg. J'Whe F.H. Star. - An Admirer.

Winner: Your message once again proved my theory. GERMANS LOVE DAVID HASSLEHOF. - Loser

Kathi - I love you! - Doug.

Lobster boy. A shag is worth the time anytime, but its reflection of the universe in your oceans that keeps me wet. Cheese? well, meep then!

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G It Could Happen to You
Sat-Sun: 11:40; Daily: 2:00, 4:35, 7:30, 9:50

M Total By Jury
Sat-Sun: 11:50; Daily: 2:30, 4:45, 7:20, 9:45

G Angels in The Outfield
Sat-Sun: 11:45; Daily: 2:15, 4:50, 7:10, 9:45

PG Redland Warriors
Sat-Sun: 11:30; Daily: 2:05, 4:25, 7:10, 9:35

M True Lies
Sat-Sun: 11:15; Daily: 1:45, 4:15, 6:55, 9:40

G Little Rascals
Sat-Sun: 12:05; Daily: 2:10, 5:00, 7:15, 9:35

G Lame
Sat-Sun: 11:40; Daily: 1:55, 4:40, 7:00, 9:30

PG Renaissance Man Coarse Language
Sat-Sun: 11:25; Daily: 1:30, 4:20, 7:05, 9:55

M Aliheads
Daily: 4:55, 10:05

M The Client
Suggestive scenes. Not suitable for young children.
Sat-Sun: 11:35; Daily: 2:00, 4:30, 7:15, 9:50

R Wes Craven's New Nightmare
Daily: 7:35, 10:00

PG City Slickers 2
Not suitable for young children
Sat-Sun: 11:40; Daily: 2:30, 7:25

M Speed
Sat-Sun: 11:55; Daily: 2:25, 4:40, 7:20, 9:50

G Andre The Seal
Sat-Sun: 12:00; Daily: 2:35, 5:05

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paper and tell me the capital of
Argentina...and maybe I will
select, from those who humoured
me, a TLF to be placed with a
graphic compatible with my present
mood.

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participating in my contests,
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